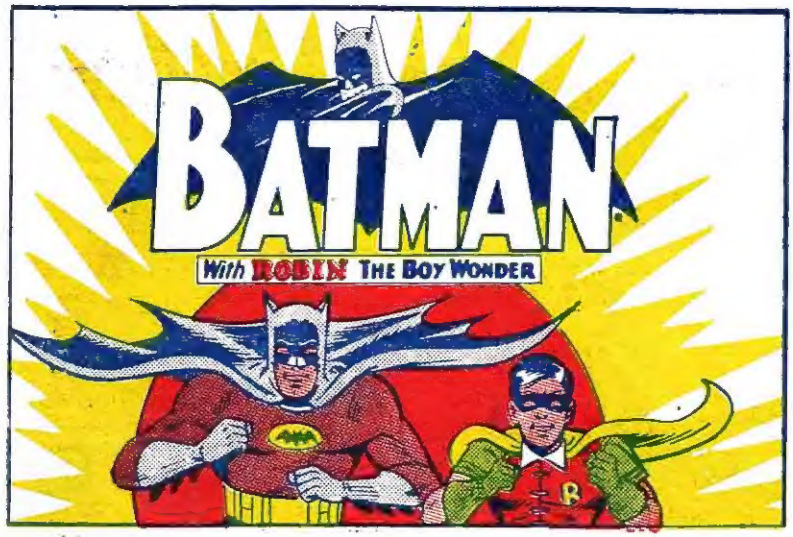
STOP! SEARCH NO MORE! THIS IS THE ONE!

7d SMASH!

No. 41
12th NOV. 1966
EVERY MONDAY

BATMAN

With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

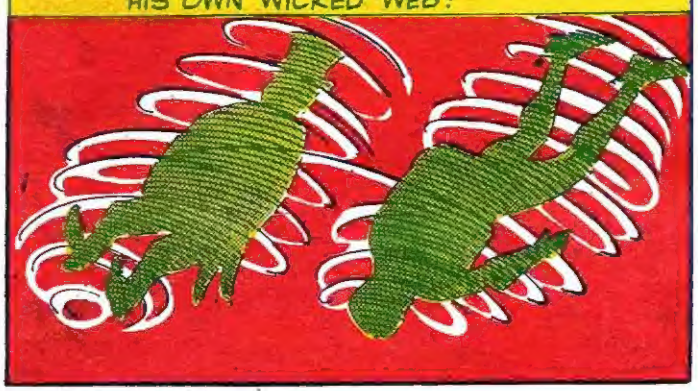


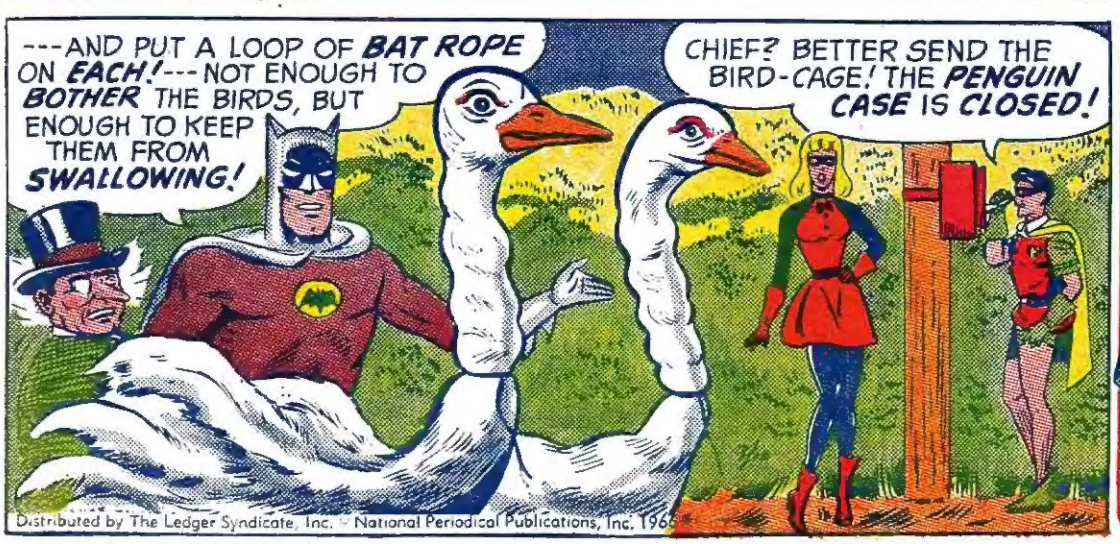
FREE!

YOU COULD BE WEARING ONE OF THESE EYE-BRUISING HULK SWEATSHIRTS!

HOW?—SEE INSIDE!

PENGUIN USES HIS TRICK UMBRELLA TO ENSNARE ROBIN IN A COIL OF STICKY CORD. BUT WHEN BATMAN SEIZES THE UMBRELLA'S HANDLE, THE BONDS SPIN OFF ROBIN AND WIND THE CROOK IN HIS OWN WICKED WEB!




---AND PUT A LOOP OF BAT ROPE ON EACH!--- NOT ENOUGH TO BOTHER THE BIRDS, BUT ENOUGH TO KEEP THEM FROM SWALLOWING!
CHIEF? BETTER SEND THE BIRD-CAGE! THE PENGUIN CASE IS CLOSED!

ONE CASE CLOSES AND ANOTHER OPENS. IN ANOTHER PART OF GOTHAM CITY A COSTUMED TYRANT IS ALREADY MAKING HIS PRESENCE FELT. FLIP THE PARCHMENT— AND YOU'LL SEE HOW!

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HOLY TUXEDO! THE PENGUIN'S BACK ON ICE WHERE HE BELONGS, BATMAN.. I WONDER WHAT OUR NEXT CAPER WILL BE.
MY INTUITION TELLS ME THAT OUR HOT LINE WON'T BE COLD FOR LONG, ROBIN!
VAROOM
PACKAGE FOR POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON. SIGN THE RECEIPT, PLEASE.
SURE, MISS.
FOR YOU, COMMISSIONER!
GREAT SCOTT, CHIEF! THAT THING'S TICKING! IT'S A BOMB!!
TICK TOCK
RUSH IT DOWNSTAIRS TO THE BOMB-SQUAD! I'LL JOIN YOU AS SOON AS I'VE CALLED THE CAPED CRUSADER!
YES, SIR!!
TICK TOCK
AT STATELY WAYNE MANOR...
REALLY, SIR? I SHALL TELL HIM AT ONCE, SIR!
THE BATPHONE, SIR. SOMETHING ABOUT A BOMB.
PLEASE DRIVE THE YOUNG LADIES HOME, ALFRED. DUTY COMES FIRST, DIFFICULT AS IT SOMETIMES MAY BE!
MOMENTS LATER, MILLIONAIRE SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON, SPEED FROM THE SUPER-SECRET BATCAVE AS---BATMAN AND ROBIN!
AN ATTEMPT ON YOUR LIFE, COMMISSIONER?
I'M AFRAID SO, CAPED CRUSADER!
MY BRAVE LADS ARE IN THERE TRYING TO DE-ACTIVATE THE INFERNAL INFERNAL MACHINE!
HOLY BLAST-OFF! WHO'D DO SUCH A DASTARDLY THING?!?
P.D.
7/17
WHO? NONE OTHER THAN LITTLE NAPOLEON—THE FIELD MARSHAL OF CRIME! SEE HIM IN ACTION NEXT WEEK!
HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH!
Distributed by The Ledger Syndicate, Inc.
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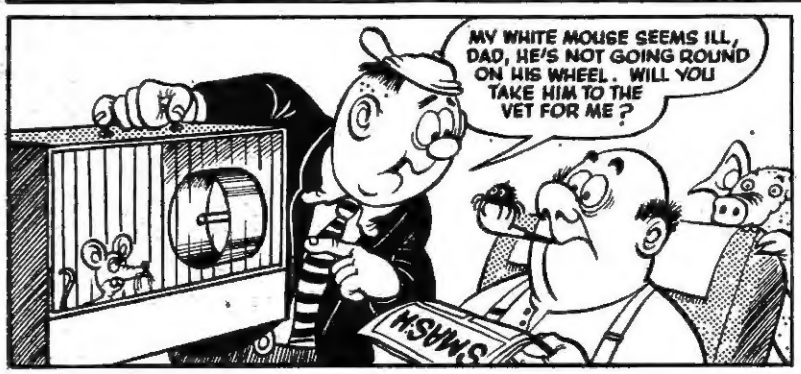
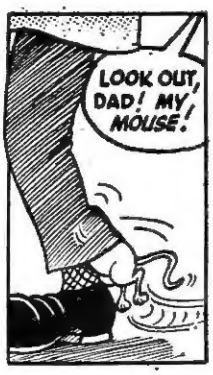
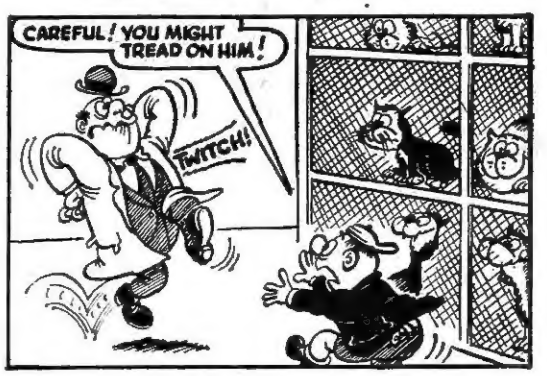
Percy's Pets


MY WHITE MOUSE SEEMS ILL, DAD, HE'S NOT GOING ROUND ON HIS WHEEL. WILL YOU TAKE HIM TO THE VET FOR ME?
SMASH

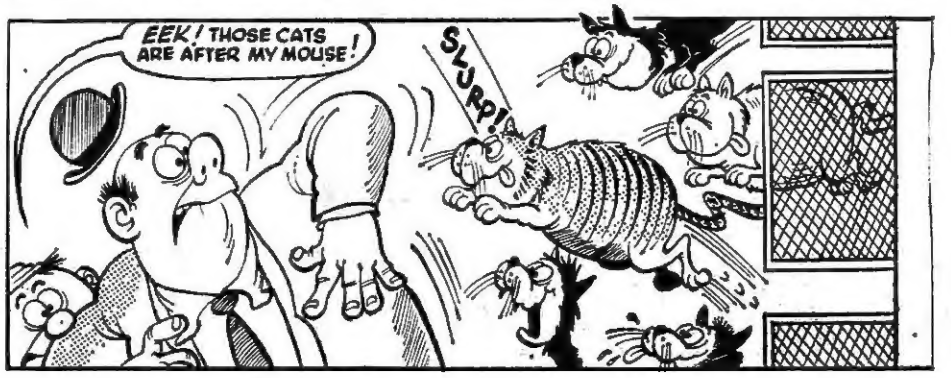
I'LL SOON FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM.
HELLO, UGLY MUG!
RASP!

CRASH!
KICK!
OW! BE DOSE!
PUNCH!


LOOK OUT, DAD! MY MOUSE!

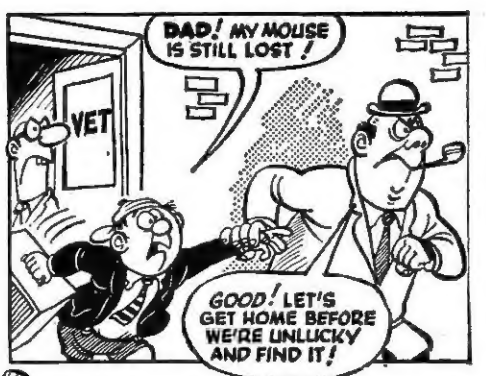

CAREFUL! YOU MIGHT TREAD ON HIM!
TWITCH!

NO SIGN OF HIM YET, DAD!
LATCH FOR CAT CAGES
KICK!

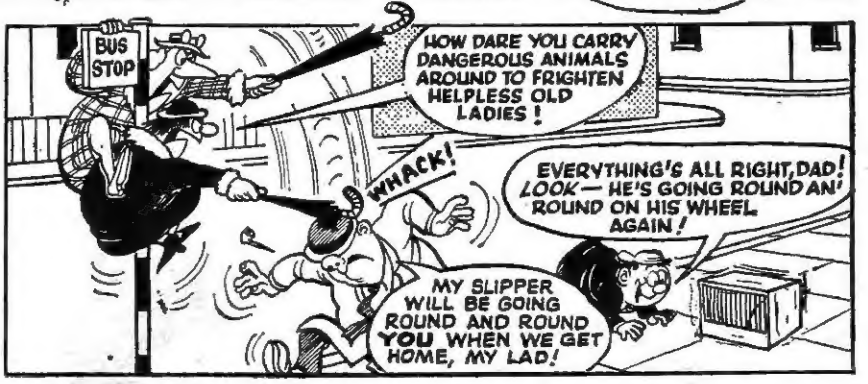

EEK! THOSE CATS ARE AFTER MY MOUSE!
SLURP!

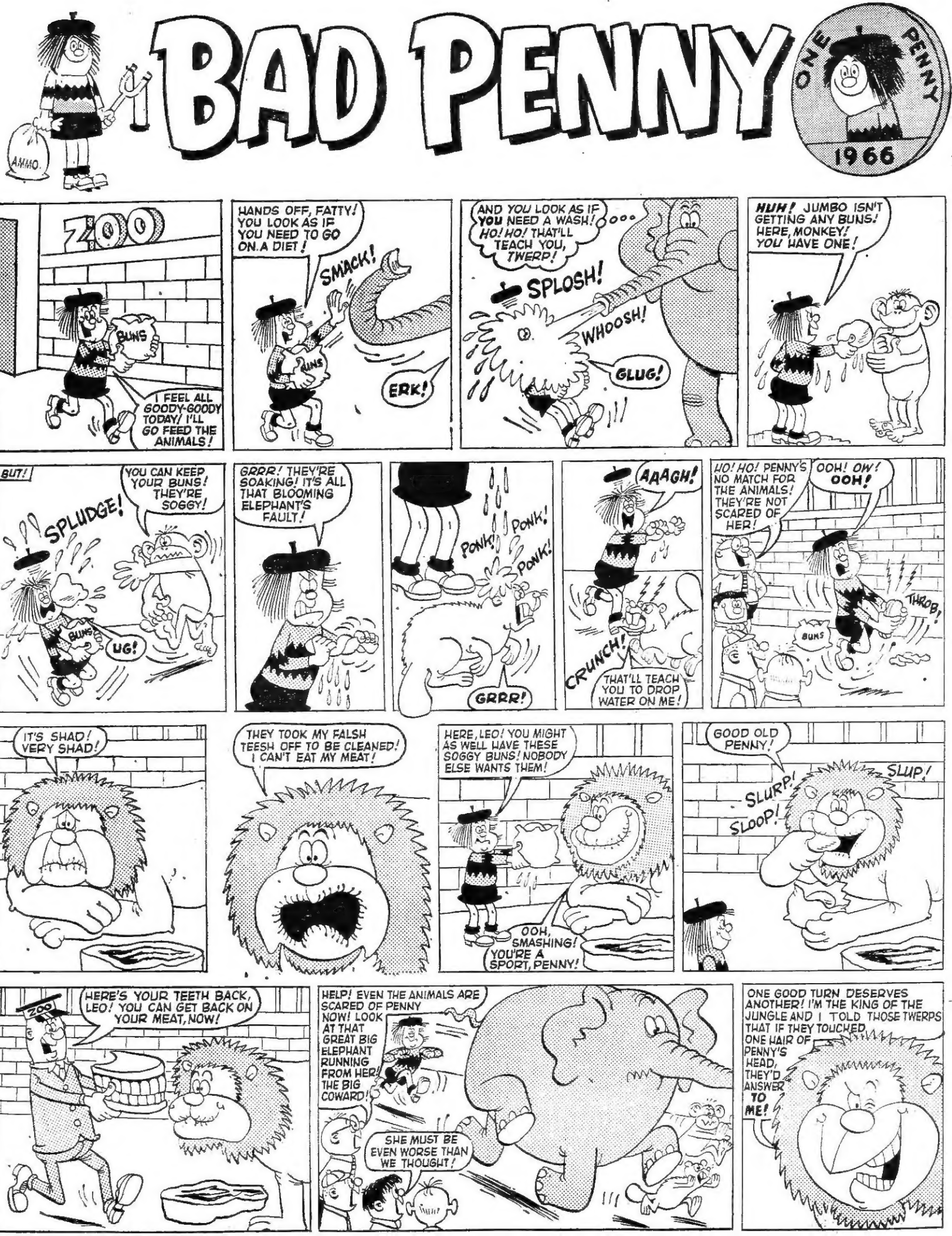
WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY CATS?
HANG ON, DAD!

PHEW!— THAT'S THE LAST ONE!
YOU CAN COME DOWN NOW, DAD— IT'S QUITE SAFE!


DAD! MY MOUSE IS STILL LOST!
VET
GOOD! LET'S GET HOME BEFORE WE'RE UNLUCKY AND FIND IT!

EEK!
BUS STOP
??
DAD! I CAN SEE HIM! HOLD STILL WHILE I NAB HIM!


BUS STOP
HOW DARE YOU CARRY DANGEROUS ANIMALS AROUND TO FRIGHTEN HELPLESS OLD LADIES!
WHACK!
EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT, DAD! LOOK— HE'S GOING ROUND AN' ROUND ON HIS WHEEL AGAIN!
MY SLIPPER WILL BE GOING ROUND AND ROUND YOU WHEN WE GET HOME, MY LAD!


BAD PENNY
AMMO.
ONE PENNY
1966
ZOO
BUNS
I FEEL ALL GOODY-GOODY TODAY/ I'LL GO FEED THE ANIMALS!
HANDS OFF, FATTY! YOU LOOK AS IF YOU NEED TO GO ON A DIET!
SMACK!
ERK!
AND YOU LOOK AS IF YOU NEED A WASH! OOO. HO! HO! THAT'LL TEACH YOU, TWERP!
SPLOSH!
WHOOSH!
GLUG!
HUH! JUMBO ISN'T GETTING ANY BUNS! HERE, MONKEY! YOU HAVE ONE!
BUT!
YOU CAN KEEP YOUR BUNS! THEY'RE SOGGY!
SPLUDGE!
UG!
GRRR! THEY'RE SOAKING! IT'S ALL THAT BLOOMING ELEPHANT'S FAULT!
PONK!
PONK!
PONK!
GRRR!
AAAGH!
CRUNCH!
THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO DROP WATER ON ME!
HO! HO! PENNY'S NO MATCH FOR THE ANIMALS! THEY'RE NOT SCARED OF HER!
OOH! OW! OOH!
THROB!
IT'S SHAD! VERY SHAD!
THEY TOOK MY FALSH TEESH OFF TO BE CLEANED! I CAN'T EAT MY MEAT!
HERE, LEO! YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE THESE SOGGY BUNS! NOBODY ELSE WANTS THEM!
OOH, SMASHING! YOU'RE A SPORT, PENNY!
GOOD OLD PENNY!
SLURP!
SLOOP!
SLUP!
HERE'S YOUR TEETH BACK, LEO! YOU CAN GET BACK ON YOUR MEAT, NOW!
HELP! EVEN THE ANIMALS ARE SCARED OF PENNY NOW! LOOK AT THAT GREAT BIG ELEPHANT RUNNING FROM HER! THE BIG COWARD!
SHE MUST BE EVEN WORSE THAN WE THOUGHT!
ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER! I'M THE KING OF THE JUNGLE AND I TOLD THOSE TWERPS THAT IF THEY TOUCHED ONE HAIR OF PENNY'S HEAD, THEY'D ANSWER TO ME!

news from the floor of 64

64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

As a reward for proving yourselves such faithful followers of our fantasy and fun you are now about to be introduced to some of our brilliant background boys who take part in the staggering struggle to ensure that Wham and Smash reach the shops on time each week. Stand straight, pencils and notebooks at the ready because, for all we know, this memorable moment may well be the one and only occasion when these fascinating facts are ever revealed.

✳ ✳ ✳

Way up at the top sits publisher and provider of pay-packets Managing Director J. D.—know familiarly to us as "Sir". When he frowns we tremble! When he smiles we know that somewhere one of you has bought another copy of Smash or Wham! And buried beneath a mountain of sales figures we find dauntless David West our circulation director, fanning himself into a frenzy whenever he hears of some nit-type newsagent who hasn't stocked up with enough Smashes and Whams!

★ ★ ★

Alf and Cos you've met. Alf's the one who has to talk "Sir" into accepting the idea that Smash and Wham are worthwhile contributions to the cause of culture. Having got that small thing settled Alf and Cos get together to decide how things should be. What goes in an issue and what stays out—that sort of thing.

Then there's Big "Bart" Bartholomew who's become so useful around here that the monumental mystery of the modern age is how did we ever get by without him! What a tireless toiler! What towering talent! What matchless mastery of the mysteries of mag-making! What if he should read this? —He'll be asking for another pay rise!

✳ ✳ ✳

The man who worries about the artwork is art-chief John "Jay-jay" Jackson. He makes sure that we haven't planned more pictures than we can get into an issue. Or that we don't come out with a blank page or something unusual like that.

★ ★ ★

Then there's Merry Margaret Smith who keeps us topped up with tea and coffee, makes excuses for us to "Sir", sends out HULK sweatshirts to lucky winners and performs what we all agree is the most important function of the week—namely, passing round the pay packets!

✳ ✳ ✳

And lastly there's Peerless Paul Ailey, who started as the office boy, worked his way up to running errands and now, in his spare time, draws some of the funnies that can be found in our pages if you search hard enough for them. So now you know!

And here's the big news for HULK-ites and THINGsters! Remember that magic moment from the proud pages of the past when THE INCREDIBLE HULK and THE THING tried out their muscles on each other? That classic contest between old Green Skin and Blue-Eyed Benjy ended with the honours even! Well—we promised you a re-match at the earliest opportunity . . . and for all you frantic followers who have been waiting for this promise to be made good, next week is the week when your patience is to be rewarded! For in the next issue of Smash the HULK and the THING take up where they left off in a fight that will still be talked about when the fans are saying "Cassius Clay?—Who was he?" *And this we promise you!*—There'll be no draw as a result this time! This Battle of the Big Boys will be fought to a finish! And after we've all lived through it either the HULK or the THING will have a clear-cut claim to be crowned King of the Clobberers!

So gather round you HULK lovers and THING worshippers, because this Bill-topping Brawl won't be televised! It won't even be on the radio! If you want in, you've got to be there in person! So MOVE! Book your Smash from your newsagent! Next week may be too late! Tell him you want it—and tell him NOW!

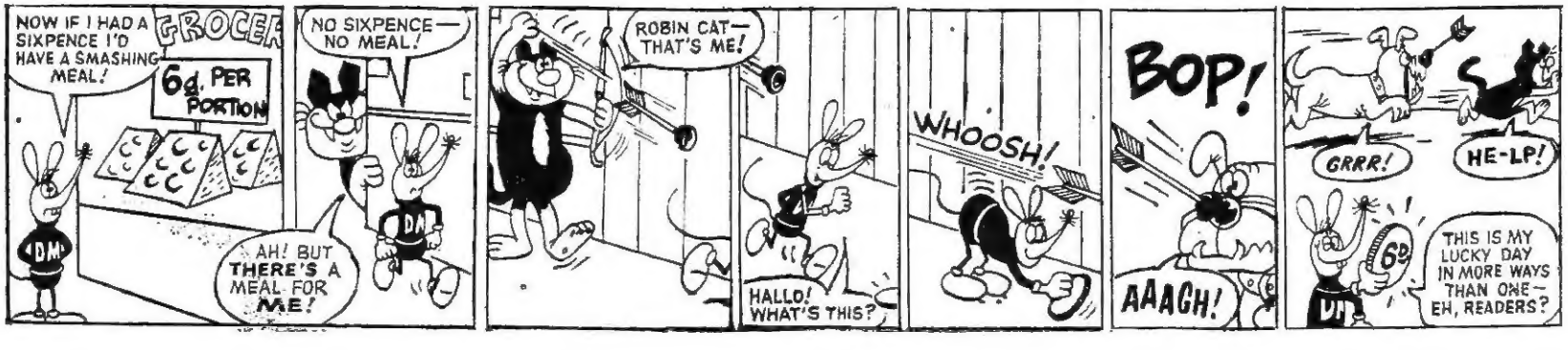
Meet Twenty Fellow Frantic Followers...

David Hillyer, Dorking; David Bird, Landywood, Staffs.; Timothy Barker, W. Clanon, Surrey; Kenneth Dale, Middlesbrough; Mark Chapman, London, N.1; Robert Iles, Queensbury, Yorkshire; Graham Heavyside, Carnforth, Lancs.; Michael Gladwin, Strood; John Bowen, Chester; Glenn Harris, Irlam, Lancs.; Richard Tucker, Barton, Hants; David Burrows, Brentwood; Peter Mill, Fareham; John Prosser, High Wycombe; Paul Kaminski, Warnham, Sussex; John Dunne, Birmingham; William Martin, Renfrewshire; Scotland; Gordon Duffy, Ayrshire, Scotland; Christopher Mullen, Whitehaven, Cumberland; Malcolm Phillips, Aberdare, S. Wales; Alan Kenyon, Blackburn; Peter Helme, E. Chorley.

✳ ✳ ✳

You frantic ones can relax now. The tension's off! Because we've done it! We've got the Spiderman for you! *And when we say "The Spiderman" we mean the amazing, the ORIGINAL Spiderman! He'll be appearing in a brand-new super-spectacular comic that Alf and Big Bold Bart are working on right now like it's the most vital project so far this century! Come to think of it, we'll fight the first unbeliever who dares to say it* isn't *the most vital project so far this century! It'll be called—wait for it—"POW!" and it will be hitting the newsagents' counters some time in January. And when it does—POW!*

LOOK OUT . . . DANGER MOUSE



IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

IS THE RAINMAKER MAN OR MARINE-MONSTER? HOW CAN HE ORDER THE VERY RAIN TO DO HIS BIDDING? CAN RUBBERMAN SAVE A REMOTE CANADIAN CITY FROM THE RAINMAKER'S RUTHLESS RULE? AT THE MOMENT, OUR HERO'S TRAPPED BY THE RAINMAKER'S FISH-LIKE FIENDS—THE GUARDIANS OF THE RAIN TEMPLE...

THE POWERFUL JETS FROM THE GUARDIANS' WATER GUNS STRIKE FROM ALL SIDES...

WE HAVE HIM NOW! CLOSE IN!

WHY CONTINUE TO STRUGGLE, FOOL? YOU CANNOT MOVE AN INCH AGAINST THESE JETS.

IT'S AS IF I WERE GRIPPED BY A DOZEN VICES! BUT—

—YOU'RE WRONG, FISH-FACE! THERE IS ONE WAY OUT!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

SHOOT AT HIM, YOU FOOLS! BRING HIM DOWN!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT! I ONLY JUST GOT HERE!

LIKE THIS!

A JUMP AND A BOUNCE CARRY RUBBERMAN EASILY ACROSS THE GAP BETWEEN TWO BUILDINGS...

MAYBE I'LL FIND AN ESCAPE ROUTE...

GET ROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE!

BUT BELOW HIM IS THE DARK AND DEADLY MOAT SURROUNDING THE SINISTER TEMPLE OF THE RAINMAKER...

NOW, WHAT?

HE'S TRAPPED HIMSELF! KEEP SHOOTING!

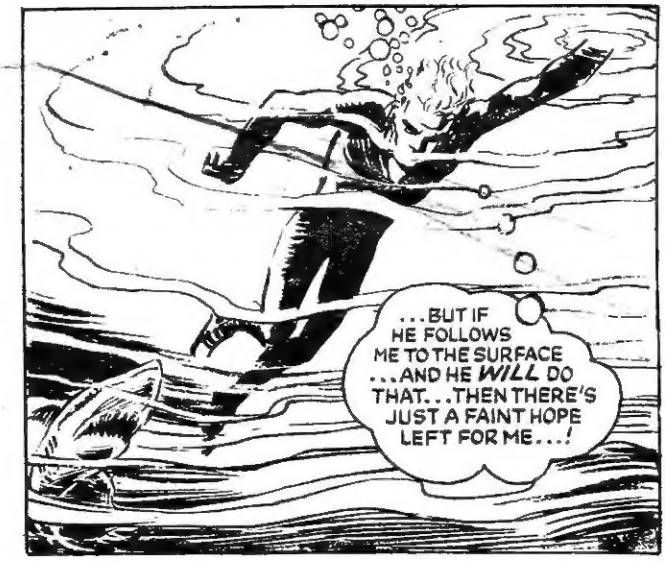
THEN A HISSING JET HITS THE EDGE OF THE ROOF—AND...

AAAHHH!

HE'S FALLING INTO THE MOAT! WE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO TAKE HIM ALIVE NOW! THE SHARK WILL SEE TO THAT!

RUBBERMAN SEES THE EVIL SHAPE STREAK TOWARDS HIM...

WE'VE TANGLED TWICE BEFORE, SO HE KNOWS WHAT TO EXPECT FROM ME! I WOULDN'T GIVE AN ICICLE IN HADES FOR MY CHANCES THIS TIME...!


...BUT IF HE FOLLOWS ME TO THE SURFACE ...AND HE WILL DO THAT...THEN THERE'S JUST A FAINT HOPE LEFT FOR ME...!

AS A DARK SHAPE BREAKS THE SURFACE OF THE MOAT...
THERE HE IS!
NO! DON'T FIRE, YOU FOOL! DON'T!

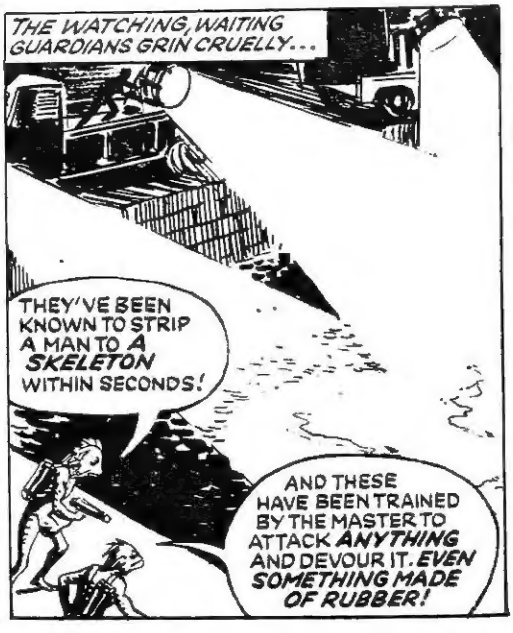
BUT THE GUARDIAN IS JUST TOO LATE TO STOP HIS TRIGGER-HAPPY COMRADE...
IDIOT! YOU'VE KILLED THE SHARK!
IT WORKED! I GAMBLED THAT AT LEAST ONE OF THOSE HELMETED HORRORS WOULD SHOOT ON SIGHT AND ONE DID!

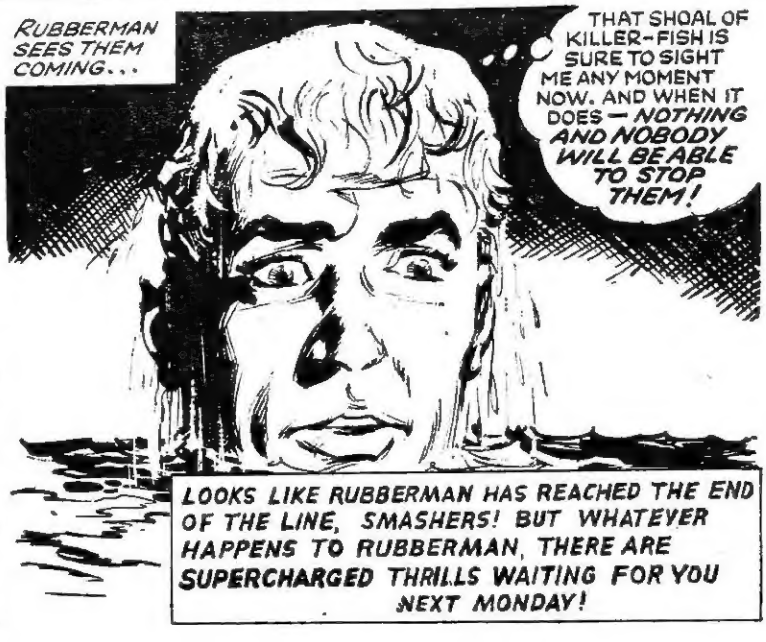
TRAIN THE SEARCHLIGHTS ON TO THE MOAT. I WILL REPORT TO THE MASTER!

THE RAINMAKER SCOWLS WITH ANGER...
DO WE STILL TRY TO TAKE HIM ALIVE, MASTER?
NO! THE LONGER HE LIVES THE MORE INCOMPETENT HE MAKES YOU FOOLS LOOK! IT IS NOT GOOD FOR THE PEOPLE TO SEE THAT ONE MAN CAN OUT-SMART YOU!

THE SCALY FINGER FLICKS AT A TINY SWITCH...
I HAD INTENDED, ULTIMATELY, FOR MY PETS TO HAVE HIM! BUT I SHALL NOT PROLONG THEIR HUNGER. THEY SHALL HAVE HIM NOW!

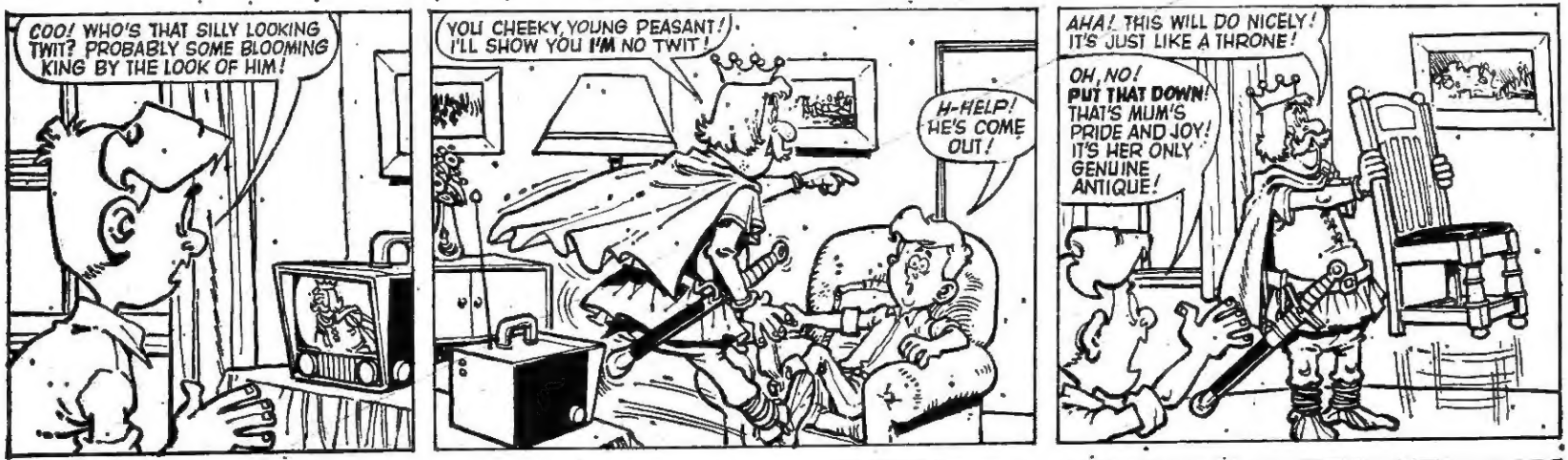
FROM THE TEMPLE POOL GLIDE THE RAINMAKER'S DEADLY PIRANHA FISH...

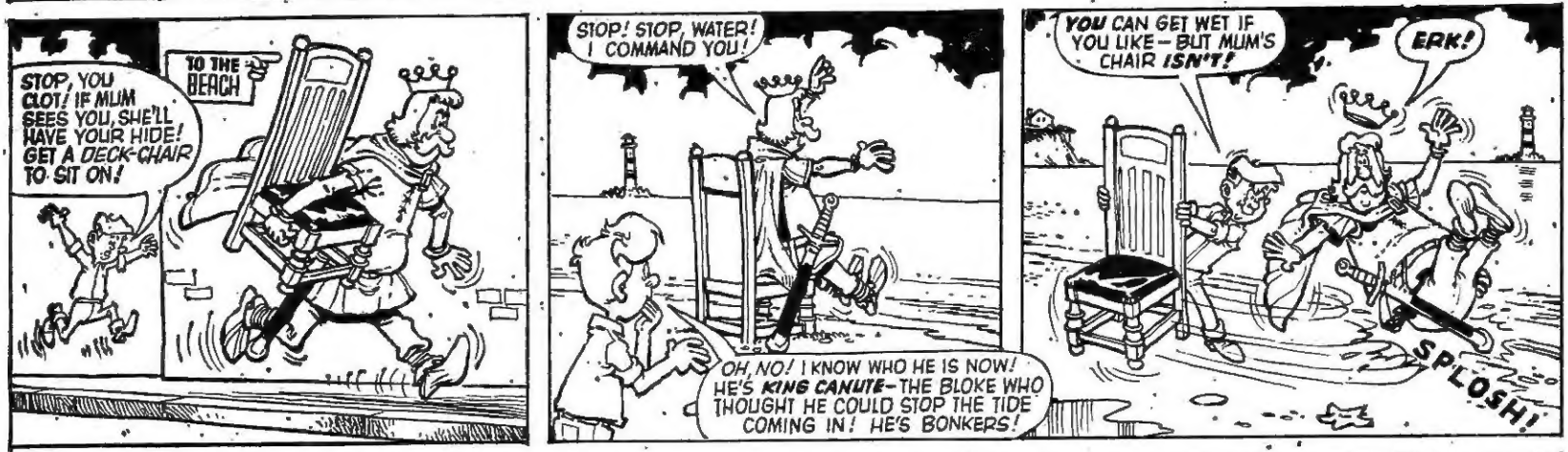

THE WATCHING, WAITING GUARDIANS GRIN CRUELLY...
THEY'VE BEEN KNOWN TO STRIP A MAN TO A SKELETON WITHIN SECONDS!
AND THESE HAVE BEEN TRAINED BY THE MASTER TO ATTACK ANYTHING AND DEVOUR IT. EVEN SOMETHING MADE OF RUBBER!

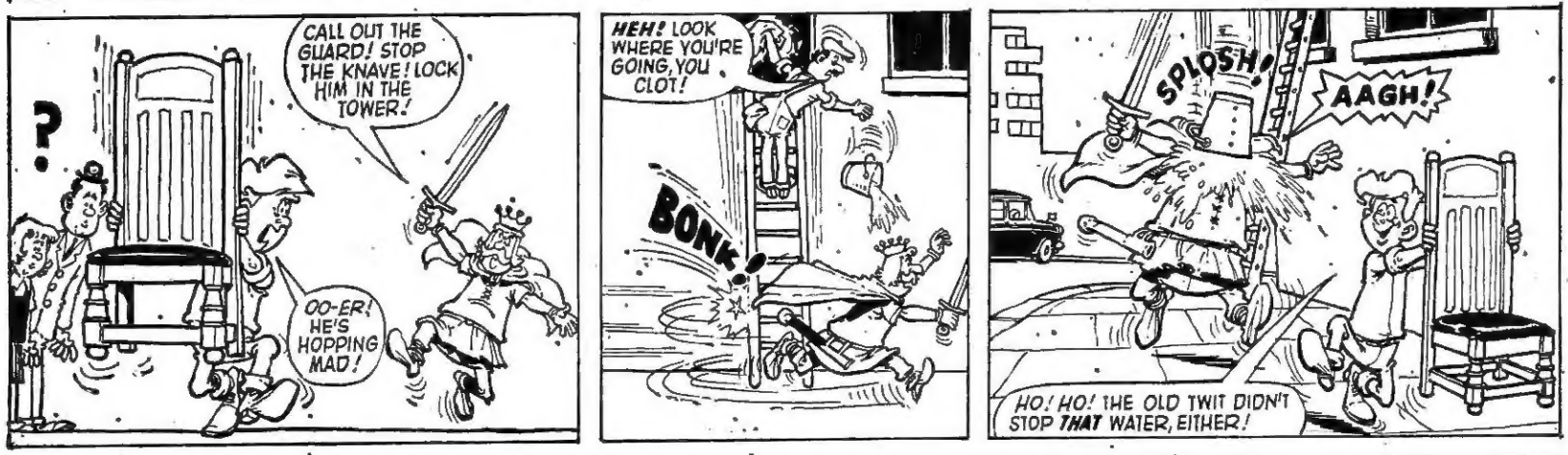

RUBBERMAN SEES THEM COMING...
THAT SHOAL OF KILLER-FISH IS SURE TO SIGHT ME ANY MOMENT NOW. AND WHEN IT DOES — NOTHING AND NOBODY WILL BE ABLE TO STOP THEM!
LOOKS LIKE RUBBERMAN HAS REACHED THE END OF THE LINE, SMASHERS! BUT WHATEVER HAPPENS TO RUBBERMAN, THERE ARE SUPERCHARGED THRILLS WAITING FOR YOU NEXT MONDAY!

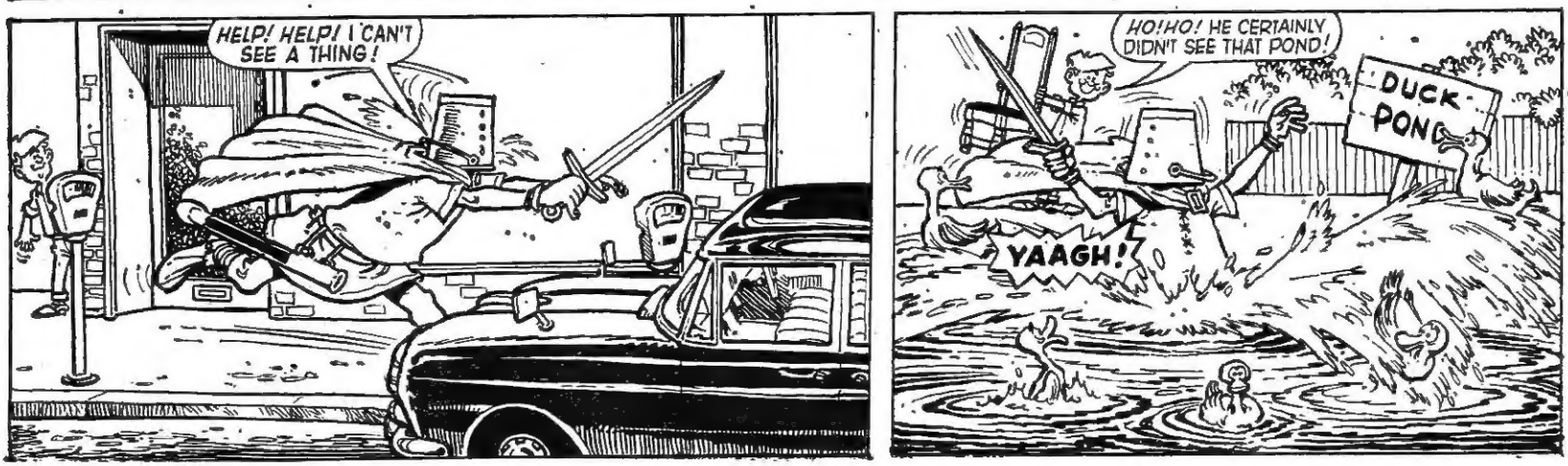
Charlie's Choice

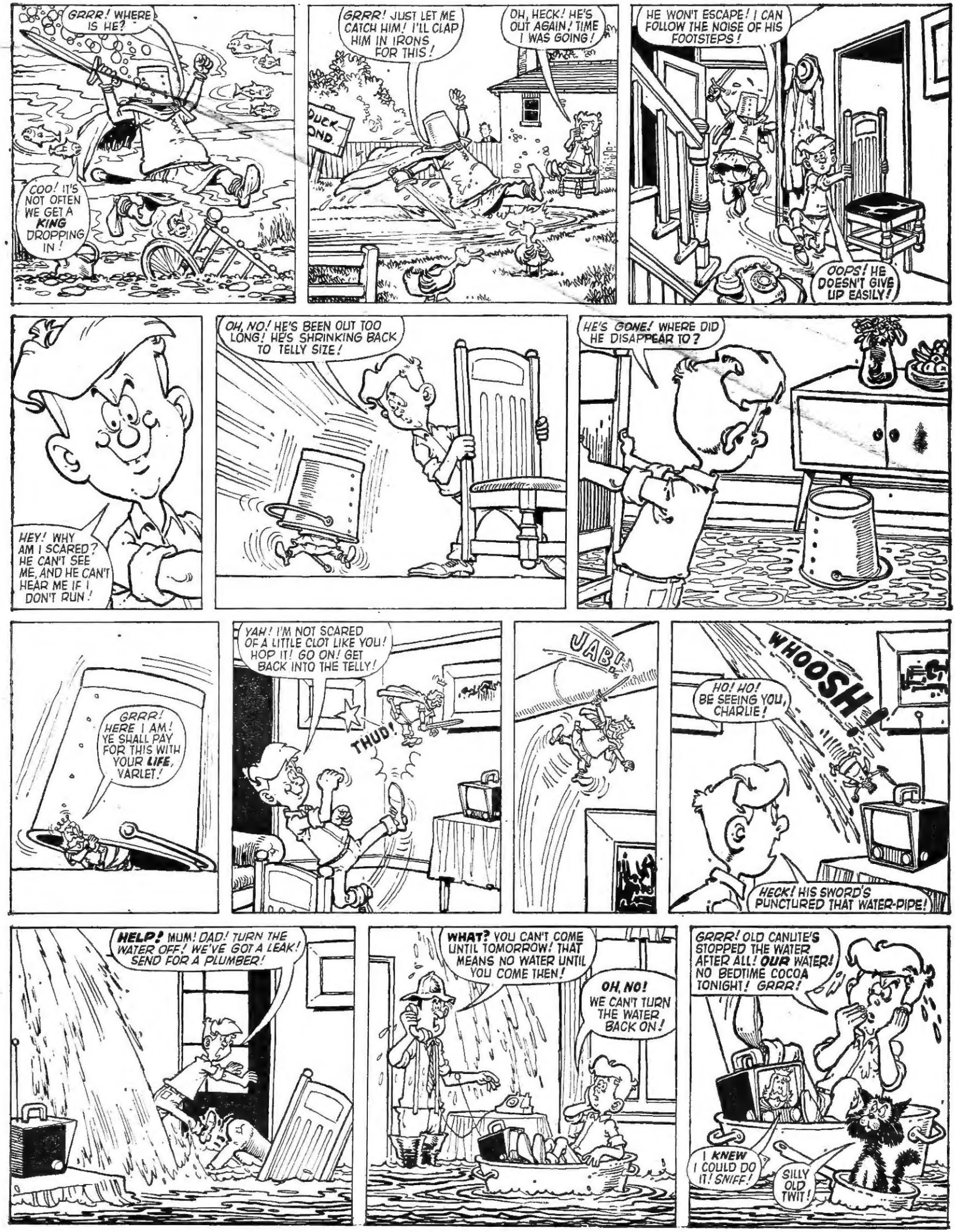
THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...


COO! WHO'S THAT SILLY LOOKING TWIT? PROBABLY SOME BLOOMING KING BY THE LOOK OF HIM!
YOU CHEEKY, YOUNG PEASANT! I'LL SHOW YOU I'M NO TWIT!
H-HELP! HE'S COME OUT!
AHA! THIS WILL DO NICELY! IT'S JUST LIKE A THRONE!
OH, NO! PUT THAT DOWN! THAT'S MUM'S PRIDE AND JOY! IT'S HER ONLY GENUINE ANTIQUE!

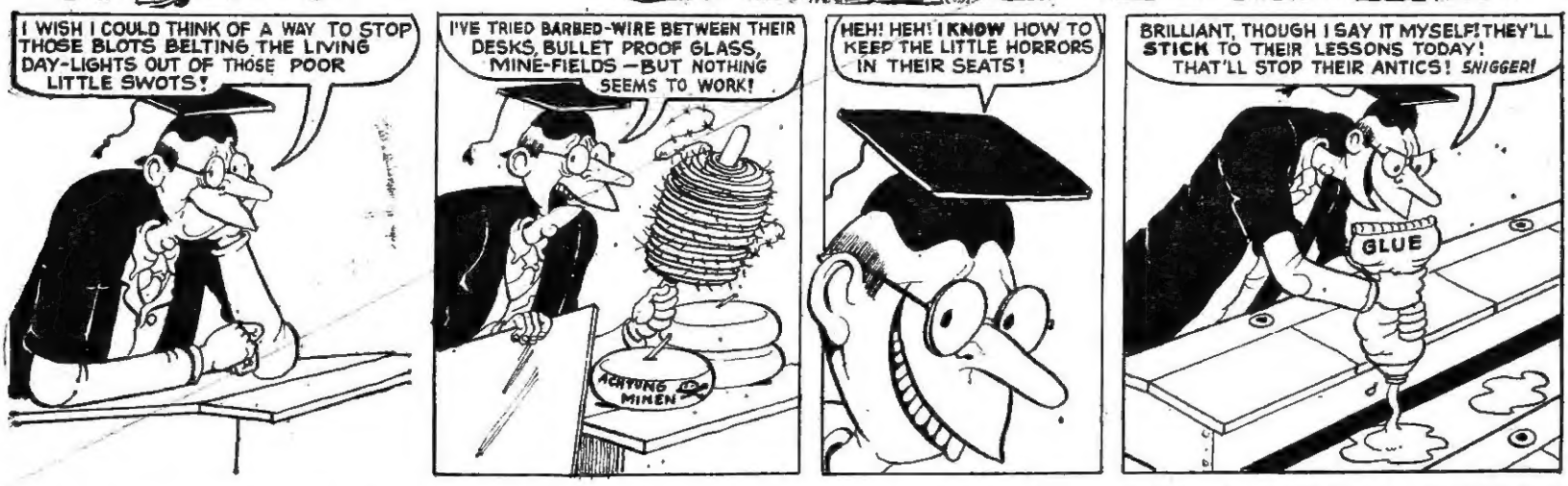

STOP, YOU CLOT! IF MUM SEES YOU, SHE'LL HAVE YOUR HIDE! GET A DECK-CHAIR TO SIT ON!
TO THE BEACH
STOP! STOP, WATER! I COMMAND YOU!
OH, NO! I KNOW WHO HE IS NOW! HE'S KING CANUTE - THE BLOKE WHO THOUGHT HE COULD STOP THE TIDE COMING IN! HE'S BONKERS!
YOU CAN GET WET IF YOU LIKE - BUT MUM'S CHAIR ISN'T!
ERK!
SPLOSH!

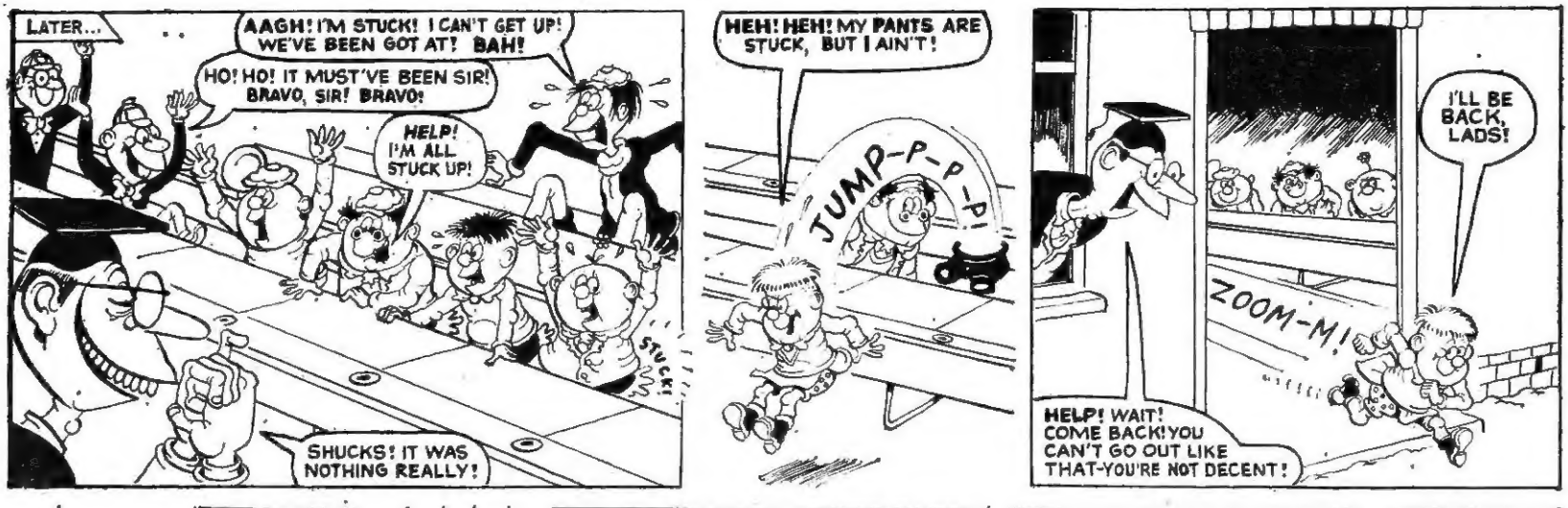

?
CALL OUT THE GUARD! STOP THE KNAVE! LOCK HIM IN THE TOWER!
OO-ER! HE'S HOPPING MAD!
HEH! LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU CLOT!
BONK!
SPLOSH!
AAGH!
HO! HO! THE OLD TWIT DIDN'T STOP THAT WATER, EITHER!

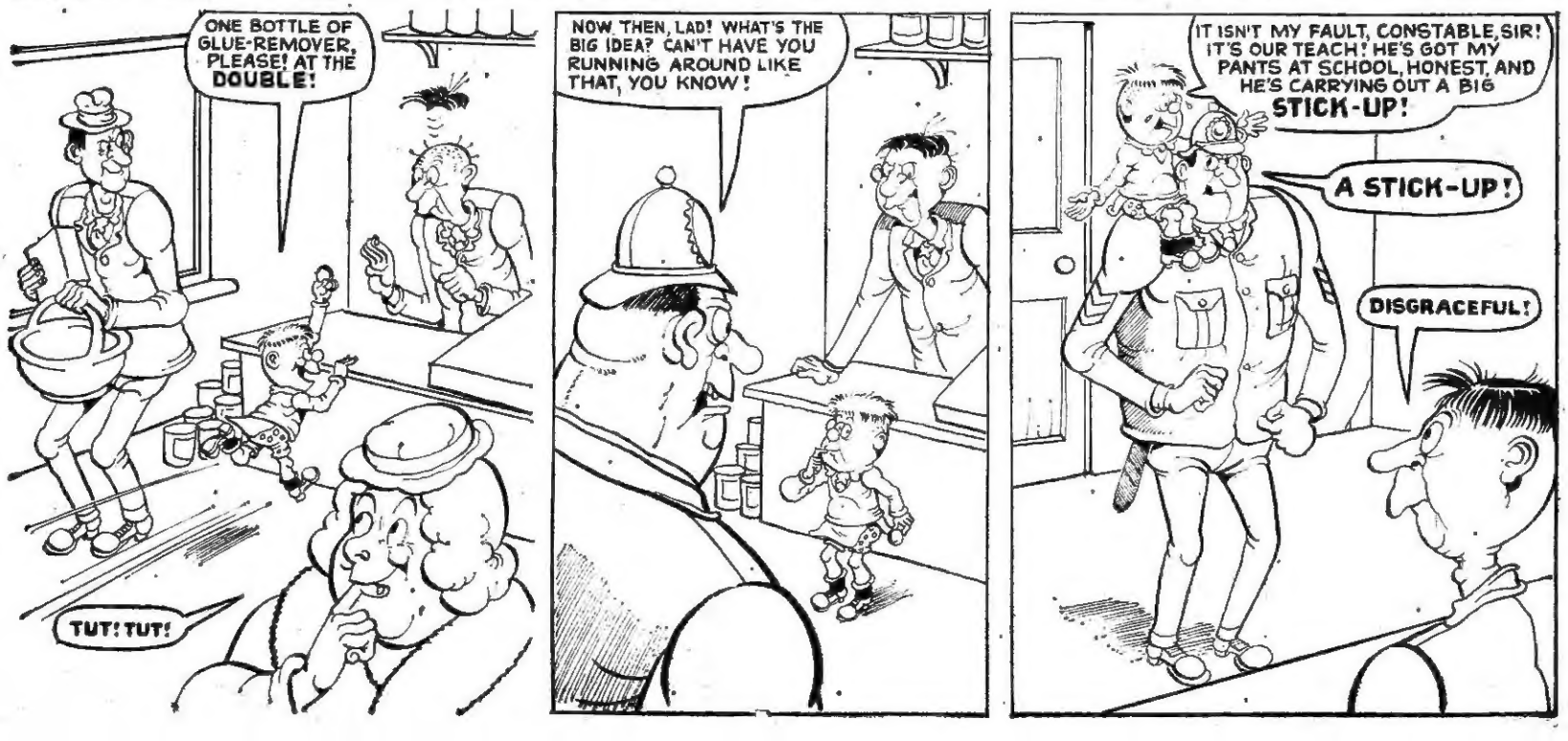



GRRR! WHERE IS HE?
COO! IT'S NOT OFTEN WE GET A KING DROPPING IN!
GRRR! JUST LET ME CATCH HIM! I'LL CLAP HIM IN IRONS FOR THIS!
OH, HECK! HE'S OUT AGAIN! TIME I WAS GOING!
HE WON'T ESCAPE! I CAN FOLLOW THE NOISE OF HIS FOOTSTEPS!
OOPS! HE DOESN'T GIVE UP EASILY!
HEY! WHY AM I SCARED? HE CAN'T SEE ME, AND HE CAN'T HEAR ME IF I DON'T RUN!
OH, NO! HE'S BEEN OUT TOO LONG! HE'S SHRINKING BACK TO TELLY SIZE!
HE'S GONE! WHERE DID HE DISAPPEAR TO?
GRRR! HERE I AM! YE SHALL PAY FOR THIS WITH YOUR LIFE, VARLET!
YAH! I'M NOT SCARED OF A LITTLE CLOT LIKE YOU! HOP IT! GO ON! GET BACK INTO THE TELLY!
THUD!
JAB!
HO! HO! BE SEEING YOU, CHARLIE!
WHOOSH!
HECK! HIS SWORD'S PUNCTURED THAT WATER-PIPE!
HELP! MUM! DAD! TURN THE WATER OFF! WE'VE GOT A LEAK! SEND FOR A PLUMBER!
WHAT? YOU CAN'T COME UNTIL TOMORROW! THAT MEANS NO WATER UNTIL YOU COME THEN!
OH, NO! WE CAN'T TURN THE WATER BACK ON!
GRRR! OLD CANUTE'S STOPPED THE WATER AFTER ALL! OUR WATER! NO BEDTIME COCOA TONIGHT! GRRR!
I KNEW I COULD DO IT! SNIFF!
SILLY OLD TWIT!

The SWOTS and the BLOTS


I WISH I COULD THINK OF A WAY TO STOP THOSE BLOTS BELTING THE LIVING DAY-LIGHTS OUT OF THOSE POOR LITTLE SWOTS!
I'VE TRIED BARBED-WIRE BETWEEN THEIR DESKS, BULLET PROOF GLASS, MINE-FIELDS — BUT NOTHING SEEMS TO WORK!
ACHTUNG MINEN
HEH! HEH! I KNOW HOW TO KEEP THE LITTLE HORRORS IN THEIR SEATS!
BRILLIANT, THOUGH I SAY IT MYSELF! THEY'LL STICK TO THEIR LESSONS TODAY! THAT'LL STOP THEIR ANTICS! SNIGGER!
GLUE

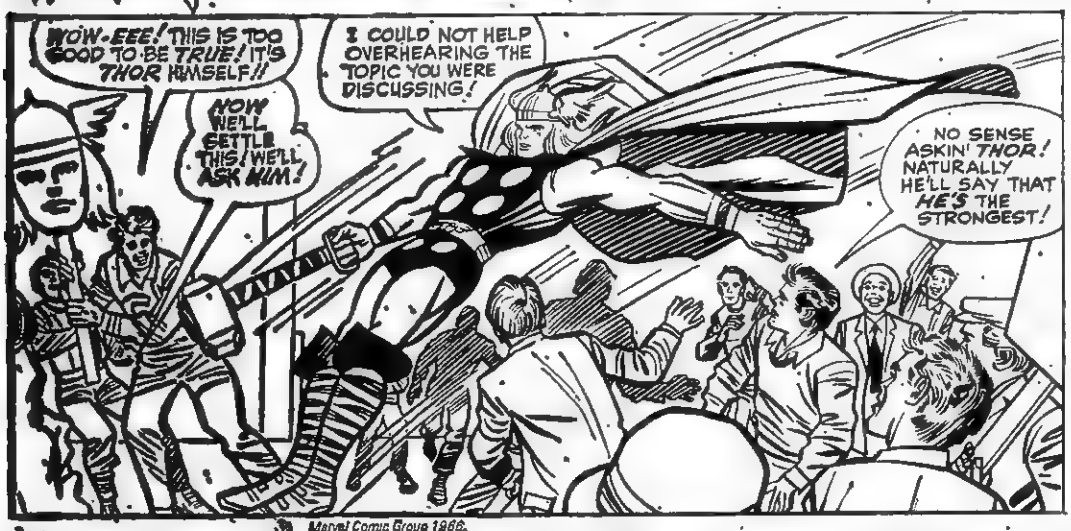

LATER...
AAGH! I'M STUCK! I CAN'T GET UP! WE'VE BEEN GOT AT! BAH!
HO! HO! IT MUST'VE BEEN SIR! BRAVO, SIR! BRAVO!
HELP! I'M ALL STUCK UP!
STUCK!
SHUCKS! IT WAS NOTHING REALLY!
HEH! HEH! MY PANTS ARE STUCK, BUT I AIN'T!
JUMP-P-P-P-P
I'LL BE BACK, LADS!
ZOOM-M!
HELP! WAIT! COME BACK! YOU CAN'T GO OUT LIKE THAT-YOU'RE NOT DECENT!


ONE BOTTLE OF GLUE-REMOVER, PLEASE! AT THE DOUBLE!
TUT! TUT!
NOW THEN, LAD! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? CAN'T HAVE YOU RUNNING AROUND LIKE THAT, YOU KNOW!
IT ISN'T MY FAULT, CONSTABLE, SIR! IT'S OUR TEACH! HE'S GOT MY PANTS AT SCHOOL, HONEST, AND HE'S CARRYING OUT A BIG STICK-UP!
A STICK-UP!
DISGRACEFUL!

IN THE MAIN DOOR, FIRST RIGHT, AND THEN THROUGH THE CLASS DOOR!
CLIP!
CLOP!
RUSH!
COME ON, LADS! WE'LL RUSH HIM!
STAMP!
HELP! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
JUMP!
AAGH! HELP! THEY WON'T LISTEN!
STOP! IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
AAGH!
GOOD OLD BERTIE!
HEH! HEH! I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MINUTE WITH THIS GLUE-REMOVER!
HURRY UP, BERTIE!
NOW THEN, THERE WERE SOME BLOKES LAUGHING AT US, WEREN'T THERE?
YOUR DEAD RIGHT THERE! GRR-R!
SECONDS OUT!!
BLAM!
BLAM!
SORRY, MATES, BUT THE EDITOR THINKS THIS SHOULD BE —
CENSORED!
HEH! HEH! TEACH CAN'T HELP THEM NOW COS HE'S NOT HERE!
GASP! I'VE MANAGED TO CONVINCE THEM AT LAST!
DON'T KNOW WHY HE DOSN'T GET A SAFE JOB, SOMETHING LIKE A LION-TAMER!
WHAH! HELP! LET US DOWN!
I WANT MY MUMMY! SOB! SOB! WHINE!
SAVE US, DEAR TEACHER!
HELP! WHERE ARE THE SWOTS, WHERE HAVE THEY GONE!
INNOCENT!
EMPTY!!
THEY ARE — AT THE TOP OF THE CLASS AS USUAL, SIR! HO! HO! HO!
AAGH! THEY'VE STUCK THEM TO THE CEILING!
HEH! HEH! THAT GLUE'S GREAT STUFF! THEY WON'T BOTHER US AGAIN TODAY! GOOD OLD TEACH! BRING SOME EVERY DAY!

THE MIGHTY THOR BATTLES THE INCREDIBLE HULK

THOSE YOUNGSTERS SEEM TO BE ARGUING ABOUT WHO IS... STRONGER...THE HULK...OR MYSELF!
THOR IS STRONGER THAN ANYBODY!
YEAH? TAKE AWAY THOR'S HAMMER AND WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?
YAY, HULK!
AW, THOR COULD MOP UP THE PLACE WITH THAT DUMB HULK!
DUMB, HUH? SO, HOW COME NOBODY'S EVER LICKED 'IM?
THOR IS THE GREATEST!
NO ONE CAN BEAT OL' GREEN-SKIN!


WOW-EEE! THIS IS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! IT'S THOR HIMSELF!!
NOW WE'LL SETTLE THIS! WE'LL ASK HIM!
I COULD NOT HELP OVERHEARING THE TOPIC YOU WERE DISCUSSING!
NO SENSE ASKIN' THOR! NATURALLY HE'LL SAY THAT HE'S THE STRONGEST!

I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID! KNOW YOU ALL THAT THE SON OF ODIN SPEAKS ONLY THE TRUTH!
S-SURE, THOR! NO OFFENCE MEANT... HONEST!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE HULK? IS HE STRONGER THAN YOU ARE...OR WHAT??

Marvel Comic Group 1966.

SOMETIMES BRUTE STRENGTH ALONE IS NOT THE IMPORTANT THING!
AW, C'MON! THAT'S NO ANSWER! WHO'S THE STRONGEST?
MAYBE HE DOESN'T WANT TO TELL US!

NO! I SHALL TELL YOU! HARKEN...
THERE WAS A TIME THAT I FOUGHT THE HULK! PARTS OF THAT BATTLE ARE NOW IN THE PUBLIC RECORD... WHILE PARTS ARE NOT!
THAT'S RIGHT! I REMEMBER...IT WAS WEEKS AGO ...YOU WERE WITH THE REST OF THE AVENGERS..!

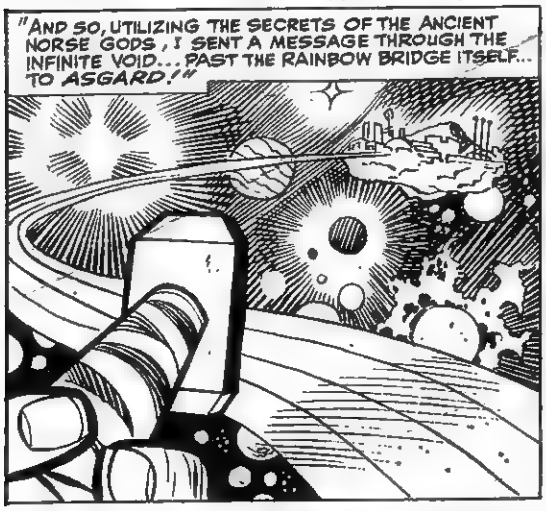
"YES! WE WERE IN A CAVE IN GIBRALTAR...PURSUING BOTH SUB-MARINER AND THE HULK!"*
CAREFUL!! THEY MUST BE WAITING... DIRECTLY AHEAD OF US!!
*SEE SMASH NO. 36

"AND, IRON MAN'S WARNING WAS WELL-ADVISED! FOR, DIRECTLY ABOVE US..."
ONCE THEY COME CLOSER, THE HIGH-PIERCING BLAST OF THIS MODIFIED AIR RAID ALARM WILL DESTROY ANY LIVING BEINGS IT IS DIRECTED AT!!
BAH!! WHO CARES ABOUT THAT?? I JUST WANT TO GET MY HANDS ON THEM!!
"BUT, LUCKILY, THE 12-FOOT TALL GIANT-MAN SAW THEM IN TIME...!"
WELL DONE, GIANT-MAN!
YOU'RE TOO LITTLE TO BE PLAYIN' WITH SUCH DANGEROUS TOYS, FELLA!
"AH, YES... I STILL REMEMBER IT ALL CLEARLY...!"
UGHHH!
HANG ON, PARTNER! MY TRANSISTOR-POWERED ARMOUR WILL GET HIM!!
THOUGH YOU ARE TWICE MY SIZE, MY STRENGTH IS STILL GREATER THAN YOURS!
I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR A CHANCE TO GET AT YOU!! AND NOW...!!
BACK, RAMPAGING ONE! BACK, I SAY!
GOSH, THOR, MOST OF THAT WAS IN THE PAPERS... BUT IT'S MORE EXCITING TO HEAR IT FROM YOU!
BUT, WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?? ACCORDING TO THE PAPERS, SUB-MARINER AND THE HULK JUST KINDA RAN OFF! I'LL BET THERE WAS MORE TO THE FIGHT THAN THAT!
YES! THERE WAS MUCH MORE! THERE WAS A BATTLE BETWEEN THE HULK AND ME... WHICH NO ONE ELSE KNEW ABOUT!
"IT HAPPENED AT THE HEIGHT OF THE BATTLE... WHILE MY FELLOW AVENGERS WERE TRYING TO FIND A WAY TO STOP PRINCE NAMOR WITHOUT ACTUALLY INJURING HIM! THE HULK AND I WERE ALL BUT FORGOTTEN IN THE SHADOWS..."
"THE MINUTES TICKED BY, AS WE BOTH FOUGHT SO FURIOUSLY, WE DIDN'T REALIZE THAT WE WERE BECOMING SEPARATED FROM THE OTHERS!"
I'LL SMASH YOU LIKE A WORM!! YOU CAN'T DEFEAT ME!! I'M THE HULK!! I'M THE HULK!!
WHOOOM!
"NEVER HAD I SEEN SUCH RAGE, SUCH FURY, IN ANY LIVING BEING!! THE HULK FOUGHT LIKE A DEMON-POSSESSED... ACTUALLY TEARING OFF SECTIONS OF THE CAVE WALL ITSELF IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO TRAP ME!!"

YOU THINK YOUR STRENGTH IMPRESSES *ME*?? YOU ARE BUT THE HULK...YET I...*I* AM *THOR*...OF *ASGARD*!!

"BY MERELY WHIRLING MY ENCHANTED HAMMER AT A CERTAIN PRESCRIBED SPEED, I CAUSED A DIMENSION DISRUPTION, MAKING IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE HULK TO BREAK THROUGH...!"
CAN'T PUSH FORWARD ANY FURTHER...NO MATTER *WHAT* I DO!!

"THEN, WITHIN MY DIMENSION DISRUPTION, A PLAN BEGAN TO TAKE SHAPE IN MY MIND...!"
OF ALL THOSE WHO WALK THE EARTH, ONLY THE STRENGTH OF THE *HULK* SEEMS TO MATCH MY OWN!
NOW I SHALL *PROVE* WHICH OF US IS TRULY THE STRONGER!


"AND SO, UTILIZING THE SECRETS OF THE ANCIENT NORSE GODS, I SENT A MESSAGE THROUGH THE INFINITE VOID... PAST THE RAINBOW BRIDGE ITSELF... TO *ASGARD*!"

"AND, NOBLE *ODIN*, ON A DISTANT HUNTING EXPEDITION, HEARD MY SUMMONS... AND MADE REPLY!!"
WHAT DOES MY FIRST-BORN SON DESIRE OF HIS ROYAL FATHER?
DIRECT YOUR THOUGHTS TO *ASGARD*, GOD OF THUNDER... AND *I* SHALL HEAR THEM!

MOST NOBLE FATHER, I CRAVE *FIVE MINUTES* DURING WHICH I MAY RETAIN MY POWER WITHOUT MY HAMMER!
FOR I WOULD TEST MY STRENGTH AGAINST A MIGHTY ENEMY IN A HAND-TO-HAND BATTLE!
SO *BE* IT, MY SON!

AND, FOR THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES, YOUR HAMMER SHALL LOSE ITS MAGICAL FORCE! YOU NOW FACE YOUR FOE MAN-TO-MAN... WITH NO ENCHANTED POWER!

THEN I HAVE NO FURTHER *NEED* OF MY MALLET!! SO, I SHALL HURL IT AWAY! IT SHALL BE MY RAW MUSCLE POWER AGAINST THAT OF THE *HULK*!

"BUT, WITH ONE INCREDIBLE LEAP, THE HULK LANDED IN FRONT OF THE FLYING HAMMER, WITH OUTSTRETCHED HANDS...!"
HAH!! AT LAST I'LL GET YOUR HAMMER AWAY FROM YOU! ONLY THE *HULK* COULD CATCH IT LIKE THIS!

I'M STRONGER THAN *EVER*! I COULDN'T LIFT YOUR HAMMER *BEFORE*...BUT NOW I *CAN*!
HE DOESN'T KNOW HE CAN LIFT IT ONLY BECAUSE ITS MAGIC POWER IS GONE FOR THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES!

AND NOW, I'LL SNAP IT IN TWO... JUST AS I CAN DO TO *YOU*... ANY TIME I *FEEL* LIKE IT!
WITHOUT ITS ENCHANTMENT, MY MALLET *MIGHT* BE DESTROYED! I CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN...IT WAS A GIFT FROM *ODIN*!

"SEEING ME LUNGE FORWARD AT HIM MADE THE HULK FORGET ABOUT SNAPPING THE HAMMER AS HE SWUNG IT AT ME INSTEAD!"
GIVE ME THAT HAMMER!!
KA-BOOM!
THOUGH IT HAS NO POWER NOW... IT HAS BEEN AT MY SIDE THROUGH TOO MANY BATTLES FOR ME TO ALLOW IT TO BE DESTROYED!
THERE IT IS! I'VE GOT TO GET IT OUT OF THE HULK'S REACH!
"BUT, I HAD NOT COUNTED ON THE HULK'S ALMOST-MIRACULOUS ABILITY TO BOUNCE BACK FROM A FALL...!"
HOLD IT, THUNDER GOD! YOU'RE NOT GOIN' ANY-WHERE...!
...UNLESS I SEND YOU THERE!
KA-POW!
YOU HAVE FLOORED THE SON OF ODIN! I CANNOT REMEMBER THE LAST TIME SUCH A FEAT HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED!
HE HAS NOT TAKEN HIS EYES FROM MY HAMMER! STILL HE HOPES TO DESTROY IT! I MUST MOVE WITH BLINDING SPEED!
THOUGH THERE MAY BE SOME QUESTION ABOUT WHICH OF US IS THE STRONGER... THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT AS TO WHO HAS THE GREATER SPEED!
AND NOW, GARGANTUAN ONE... I HAVE SHEATHED MY HAMMER! THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN SEIZE IT IS BY DEFEATING ME!
I CAN DEFEAT ANYTHING THAT LIVES!! I AM THE HULK!
HE IS TEARING THAT LONG-HIDDEN WORLD WAR II MINE FROM ITS CACHE WITHIN THE WALL! HIS FINGERS ARE LIKE TEN IRON CROWBARS!
HERE, GOD OF THUNDER!! HERE'S SOME MAN-MADE THUNDER FOR YOU!!
HIS LIVID RAGE... HIS INDESCRIBABLE FURY IS BEYOND COMPREHENSION!! NEVER HAVE I SEEN SUCH POWER IN MORTAL LIMBS!!
WHOOM!

"THOUGH NO SUCH EXPLOSION CAN PROVE FATAL TO ME... IT WILL REQUIRE A FEW SECONDS FOR THE SHOCK TO WEAR OFF... AND THAT MUST BE WHAT MY TITANIC FOE IS COUNTING ON!!
LOOK AT YOU!! THE GOD OF THUNDER...
...YOU ARE NOTHING TO THE HULK!
I HAVE WEAKENED YOU!! BUT I CAN'T GET WEAK!! I GROW STRONGER EVERY MINUTE!! STRONGER! STRONGER! STRONGER! STRONG ENOUGH TO CRUSH EVEN YOU!!
IT'LL TAKE JUST ONE BLOW TO... HUH??! WHERE DID HE GO??
I HAVE EVADED YOUR BLOW, VIOLENT ONE! AND NOW...
...WE SHALL SEE HOW WELL YOU CAN FACE THE WRATH OF THOR!!
THWUP!
I HAVE LISTENED TO YOUR BOASTFUL THREATS!! I HAVE SUFFERED THE INDIGNITY OF YOUR SAVAGE, POUNDING BLOWS!!
AND NOW, MY PATIENCE IS AT AN END!!
NOW, YOU SHALL LEARN THAT THERE IS POWER BEYOND THE POWER THAT LIES WITHIN YOUR SINEWS!
"THERE IS MORE TO STRENGTH THAN SIZE ALONE!!
BAM!

"AGAIN AND AGAIN MY OWN THUNDERING FIST LASHED OUT, BATTERING THE DAZED, ROARING GIANT WHO HAD NEVER BEFORE FELT SUCH MIGHTY, PUNISHING BLOWS!!"
WHOOM!
"THEN, I PAUSED...TO SEE WHAT EFFECT MY BLOWS HAD UPON THE INCREDIBLE ONE... AND THAT WAS MY BIGGEST MISTAKE..."
ARGHH!
AND STILL HE STANDS!!
"...FOR, IT GAVE HIM TIME ENOUGH TO REACH OUT WITH HIS ENORMOUS, CLUTCHING HANDS, UNTIL.."
I'VE GOT YOU, THUNDER GOD!!
I WAS A FOOL TO PAUSE! NOW I'M IN THE GRIP OF ONE WHO CAN CRUSH GRANITE BLOCKS WITH HIS TITANIC FINGERS!!
"WHILE, IN DISTANT ASGARD, THE MOST NOBLE ODIN WATCHED US WITH EVER-INCREASING INTEREST!"
MY SON FIGHTS VALIANTLY, AS AN IMMORTAL SHOULD... AGAINST A MOST AWESOME FOE!!
NEVER HAVE I SEEN HIM SO CLOSE TO DEFEAT! NEVER HAS HE FACED A MORTAL OF SUCH INCOMPREHENSIBLE POWER!
IF HE IS TO TRIUMPH, IT MUST BE SOON! HIS ALLOTTED FIVE MINUTES ARE RAPIDLY FLEETING... AND I MUST DO NOTHING TO AFFECT THE BATTLE'S FINAL OUTCOME!
HAH!! FEEL THE POWER OF THE HULK!! DOWN... BOW DOWN TO YOUR MASTER!!
THOR BOWS TO NO ONE!! I SHALL SHOW YOU NOW WHAT STRENGTH REALLY IS!!
NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!! YOU CAN'T LIFT ME OFF MY FEET! I'M BIGGER THAN YOU!... I'M THE HULK!!
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE!! I'VE KNOWN MANY LIKE YOU, THROUGH-OUT THE AGES!! THOUGH THE NAMES MAY CHANGE.. THE POWER AND THE FURY ARE ALWAYS PRESENT!!

...THE BLIND, SENSELESS RAGE...THE NEED TO LASH OUT...TO STRIKE AND DESTROY... THE BELIEF THAT YOUR RAW POWER CAN SMASH ANY OBSTACLE...I KNOW YOU, HULK! I'VE, ALWAYS KNOWN YOUR BREED!
"SUDDENLY, I REALIZED MY FIVE MINUTES HAD ALMOST EXPIRED! THE UNEXPECTED THOUGHT CAUSED ME TO RELAX MY MUSCLES INVOLUNTARILY... AND, IN THAT SPLIT-SECOND, THE HULK PLUMMETTED DOWN AGAIN!!"
NOW THERE'LL BE NO MORE WORDS!!
UHHH...!!
I MUST NEVER FORGET... WITH A FOE SUCH AS THE HULK, I CANNOT RELAX MY VIGIL FOR A SECOND!! THERE CAN BE NO RESPITE...NO QUARTER ASKED, NOR GIVEN!
THERE'S GOT BE A WAY TO SMASH YOU! AND I'LL FIND IT, DO YOU HEAR!?! THE HULK WILL FIND IT!
HITTT!
I MUST STOP MY FLIGHT! I'LL DO IT WITH THE IMPACT OF MY OWN TWO HANDS!
"BUT, SO VIOLENT, SO THUNDEROUS WAS THE FORCE I EXERTED, THAT THE VERY ATOMIC FABRIC OF THE STONES THEMSELVES GAVE WAY, CAUSING A CHAIN REACTION WHICH AFFECTED THE ENTIRE SUBTERRANEAN TUNNEL...!"
BAROOOOOM!
THE ENTIRE TUNNEL IS ABOUT TO CAVE IN!! I EXERTED TOO MUCH FORCE!!
"I SHALL ALWAYS REMEMBER THE SIGHT OF HIS FACE AT THAT MOMENT...THE DAZED, UNCOMPREHENDING LOOK... EXPRESSING SHOCK, SURPRISE, BEWILDERMENT... EVERYTHING EXCEPT...FEAR!"
NO! NO! IT CAN'T END LIKE THIS! I WON'T LET IT!! NO!!!
"NOR DID I DESIRE SUCH AN END!! IT WAS TOO INCONCLUSIVE...TOO FRUSTRATING!! FRANTICALLY I RUSHED TO THE SPOT WHERE I HAD LAST SEEN MY INCREDIBLE FOE...!!"
I MUST FIND HIM! I MUST PUT AN END TO THIS CHARADE, ONCE AND FOREVER!
"THEN, WITH A BLAZING FURY, WITH A BLIND RAGE WHICH ALMOST EQUALLED THE HULK'S, I STRUCK OUT... SHATTERING EVERYTHING IN MY PATH... DETERMINED TO FIND THE GREEN-SKINNED GIANT WHO CONTINUED TO DEFY ME!"
BLAM!
KRAK!
THOOM!

"UNTIL, I FINALLY FOUND..."
A ROUGH-HEWN HOLE BENEATH THE RUBBLE! THE HULK HAS DUG HIS WAY OUT WITH HIS OWN BARE HANDS!!
PERHAPS HE HAS NOT YET GONE TOO FAR!! THERE MAY STILL BE TIME TO FIND HIM!!
RUNCH!
SKRAK!
"AND, AT THAT MOMENT..."
ONLY SCANT SECONDS REMAIN!
AND I CANNOT GIVE MY SON MORE TIME THAN THE AMOUNT HE REQUESTED!
I HAVE WITNESSED ENOUGH! THERE SHALL BE NO FINAL DECISION, THIS DAY!
BUT, ONE GOOD PURPOSE SHALL HAVE BEEN SERVED! THE GOD OF THUNDER WILL, FROM THIS MOMENT FORTH, HAVE GREATER KNOWLEDGE OF THE MEANING OF... HUMILITY!
"WHILE, BACK ON EARTH, I FINALLY EMERGED FROM THE DESERTED TUNNEL, ONLY TO SEE...!"
CAN'T CONTINUE BATTLE! MUST REPAIR CHEST DEVICE! IF TRANSISTORS STOP... I'M DOOMED!
SUB-MARINER! ..ESCAPING!!
"SO INTENT WAS I UPON STOPPING THE MENACING MONARCH OF THE SEA, THAT I FAILED TO HEAR THE HEAVY BREATHING OF THE CREATURE WHO STOLE UP BEHIND ME...!"
I'LL PROVE ONCE AND FOR ALL HOW OVER-RATED YOU ARE, YOU COSTUMED CLOWN!
"AND, ONCE AGAIN, I WAS HELD IN A GRIP SO POWERFUL, THAT NO HUMAN WORDS CAN ADEQUATELY DESCRIBE IT!!"
NOW NOTHING CAN STOP ME FROM GETTING YOUR HAMMER!!
"BUT, AT THAT VERY SECOND, THE FIVE FATAL MINUTES EXPIRED... AND MY ENCHANTED MALLET PROVED MORE THAN ANY MORTAL COULD HANDLE!"
TO YOUR MASTER, MY URU HAMMER!!
"ONCE AGAIN I WAS THOR, GOD OF THUNDER, SON OF ODIN, IMMORTAL OF ASGARD!! YEA, MIGHTY THOR, AT THE PEAK OF ALL MY POWER!!"
GOSH, THOR... YOU HAVEN'T SAID ANYTHING FOR MINUTES!! WHAT HAPPENED NEXT??
HE'S JUST SITTING THERE... AS THOUGH HIS THOUGHTS ARE A MILLION MILES AWAY!!
THEY PROBABLY ARE! WHAT ABOUT THE REST OF THAT FIGHT, THOR?
THE FIGHT...?
THERE IS NOTHING MORE TO TELL...!
THE HULK SEEMED TO HAVE VANISHED! I FOUND NO FURTHER TRACE OF HIM, UNTIL... BUT, THAT IS ANOTHER TALE!
BUT, YOU STILL HAVEN'T TOLD US... WHO'S THE STRONGEST!

I CAN ONLY GUESS AT THE ANSWER... BUT I CAN OFFER NO PROOF!
THEREFORE, I SHALL SAY NOTHING! FOR THE GOD OF THUNDER DOES NOT SCATTER HIS WORDS RASHLY TO THE WIND!

BUT, I LEAVE YOU WITH THIS THOUGHT... IT IS NOT THE ONE POSSESSING THE GREATEST POWER WHO IS IMPORTANT!! IT IS THE ONE WHO USES HIS POWER WISELY... IN THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE!

FOR, THE LESSON I HAVE LEARNED IS ONE I SHALL NEVER FORGET! STRENGTH ALONE IS MEANINGLESS WITHOUT VIRTUE, IT IS AN EMPTY SHELL!
I PRAY THE HULK SOMEDAY LEARNS THAT LESSON... WHEREVER HE MAY BE!

AND, DAYS LATER, IN A LONELY DESERT AREA OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST, THE STRONGEST MORTAL CREATURE ON EARTH SHUFFLES FORTH, LOST IN HIS OWN DARK, CLOUDED THOUGHTS...!
I MUST FIND THOR SOMEDAY! AND I MUST CRUSH HIM!! AS ONLY I CAN!

BUT, WHERE THE THUNDER GOD IS GENTLE, THE HULK IS SAVAGE! WHERE THOR IS THOUGHTFUL, THE HULK IS FILLED WITH FRENZY!
NOTHING CAN STAND IN MY WAY! NOTHING CAN DEFY MY MIGHT!

ONLY IN ONE WAY ARE THEY SIMILAR... THE POWER OF EACH IS BEYOND DESCRIPTION... BEYOND MERE HUMAN COMPREHENSION!!
SOMEDAY WE'LL MEET AGAIN... AND THOR WILL BE SMASHED... FOREVER!

AND, IN TRUTH, THEY SHALL MEET AGAIN! PERHAPS NOT THIS WEEK... PERHAPS NOT NEXT... BUT, MEET THEY SHALL! AND, WHEN THAT EPIC CONFRONTATION TAKES PLACE, WE SHALL BRING YOU EVERY PULSE-POUNDING INCIDENT... AS YOU HAVE COME TO EXPECT IN—

SMASH!

MEET... Mister Knowall *

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

It pays to perform some tricks in a casual, matter-of-fact way, as though you are doing nothing out of the ordinary. It's all the more surprising to whoever is watching. Here is one such trick...

Take a match from a box containing several dead ones and break it so that it jams firmly in the box ACROSS the other matches even if the box is held upside down. That is the trick!

Take the box from your pocket when people are around and rattle it. Then, being careful, the box is upside down open the tray. If anyone watching is not surprised at seeing you rattle an apparently FULL matchbox, yet opening it and nothing falling out, their eyebrows will shoot off their face when you casually take one match after another from the box and break them before their eyes while the tray is still open. It will look as though you've got an endless supply of matches in an empty box.

You must remember, of course, to always keep the box upside down.

"Make your mates think that you are breaking your nose—it's a great giggle," says John Marriott of Aberdeen. Here's how it's done...

Face your mates and put both your hands on either side of your nose so that one of your thumb-nails is concealed behind your front teeth (practise this in the mirror first). Now move your nose from side to side, clicking your thumb nail in your teeth at the same time. It makes a really loud realistic (ugh!) click—and everyone will think you really are breaking your nose!

Ever tried to make a needle float on water? It's a simple miracle, really.

One way is to lay your needle on a cigarette paper and gently place it in the surface of the water.

After a while, the paper will become waterlogged—LEAVING THE NEEDLE floating.

Another way is to place the needle on the teeth of a fork, and place it into the water.

Now, as you *gently* pull the fork away, the needle will float.

Take SIX matches. Now try and make FOUR triangles out of them. Impossible? It's not!—look below...

Ask Mr Knowall...

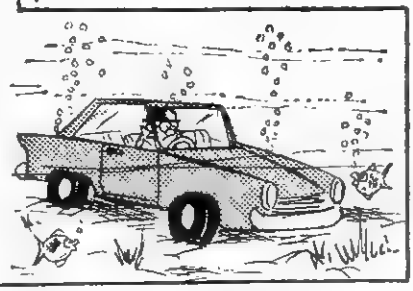
Peter Smith of Bolton has just been made a monitor at school. "Why Monitor?" he asks.

Well, Pete, teachers in Roman times were called 'Monitors'. Seems the meaning has changed slightly over the years.

Can You Save The Man From B.U.N.G.L.E.?

Chasing after Dr Doom's Dreadmobile, Bungle's car crashes into a river, carrying our agent towards a watery grave. He lands on the river-bed in one piece—but how can he escape? He knows that the pressure of the water against the car will prevent him opening the doors!

His only hope is that YOU can save him! So rack your brains if you want to see him in any more adventures!



DID YOU SAVE THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.?

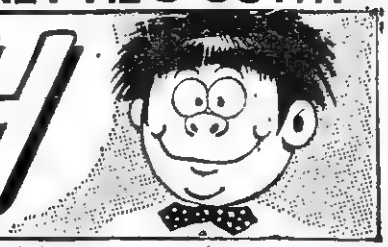
* * *

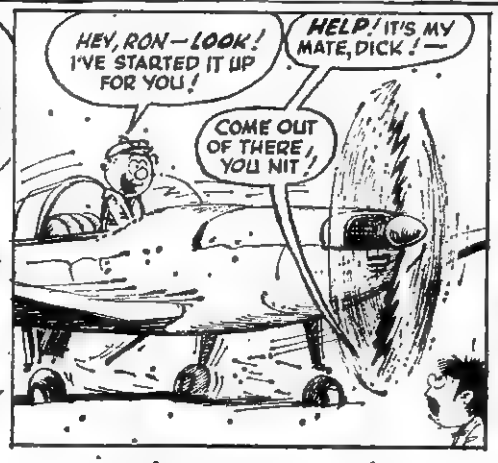
The pressure of the water outside prevents Bungle from opening the doors. The only way to get out is to wind down the windows—ALLOWING ENOUGH WATER TO ENTER THE CAR TO EQUALISE THE WATER PRESSURE OUTSIDE.

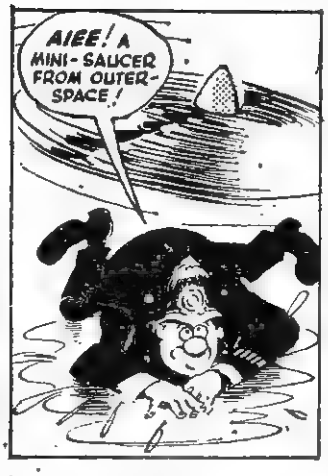
It takes a lot of courage—but only a few seconds. In this way, our agent is able to open the door and escape!

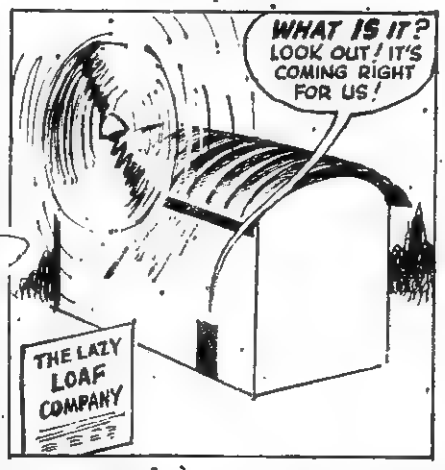
HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

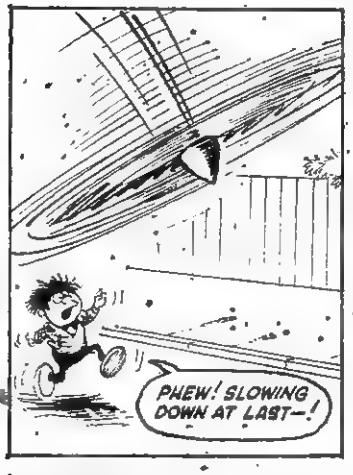
RONNIE RICH

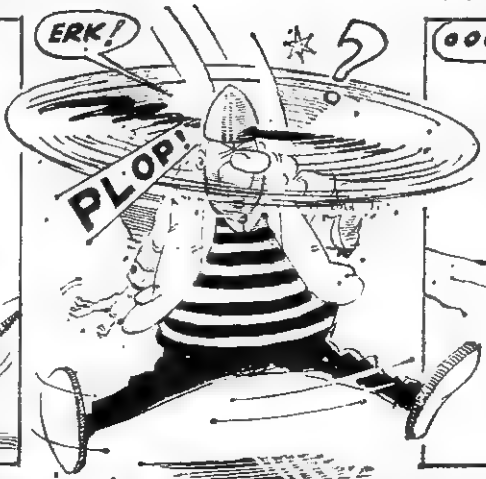


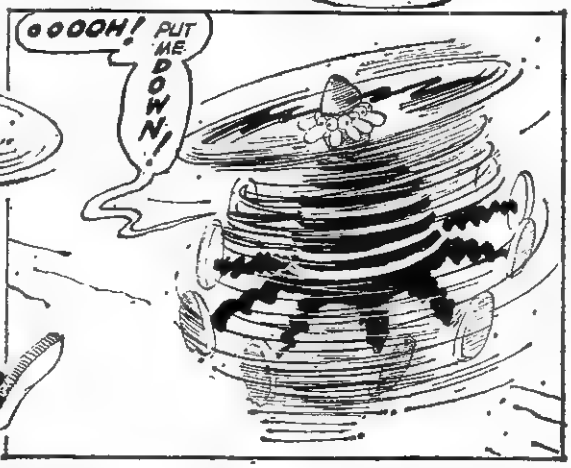


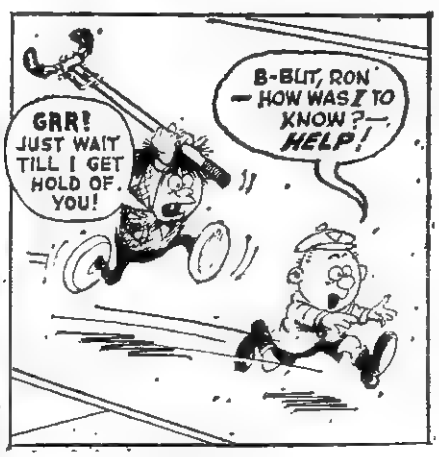












WRITE TO SMASH!

THERE'S A FAB HULK SWEATSHIRT FOR YOU IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED!

Just in case you hadn't noticed, we think SMASH is great! And one of the nicest points that emerges from all the letters we receive is that in so many households SMASH is welcomed as a *family* mag! Before junior can read it he has to wait for Dad to finish with it—and Mum and Sis are usually in the queue, too! This is tough on the lad who is waiting his turn—but if you're one of those who have to wait, whilst you're twiddling your thumbs, console yourself with this thought. If you've got Mum and Dad on your side you can't lose! They'll make sure that SMASH comes into the house each week—that is, so long as we can keep making 'em want it!

Dear Alf and Cos,

The latest Hulk story, featuring the Space Phantom was great as usual, but you can't fool me! This story wasn't a real Hulk story, but was printed in Avengers Number Two! Now that you have printed Hulk, Fantastic Four and the Avengers stories, are you going to print any different ones from Marvel?

I would like to know of any readers who have any Marvel comics to sell or swop, as I collect them. I would pay from 6d to 3/6d, depending on condition and age. I now have a hundred and thirty eight Marvel Comics.

SMASH forever!

Dennis Taylor,
Newcastle.

Thank you kindly for those pearls of praise, Dennis. Yes—we shall be featuring more Marvel characters. Know ye that even at this very moment, Big Bold Bart is laying plans to this very end. So patience, pussycat, and all will come about.

Alf and Cos.

□□□□□□□□□

Dear Alf and Cos,

I was about to write you a rude letter about you not printing girls' letters! Dad has informed me that SMASH is not a girls' comic—true or false? If true, I apologise! If false, then not enough girls are buying the comic. (They can't know what they are missing!)

Yours,
Heather Smith (12)
Harrow, Middx.

P.S. The Legend Testers and The Hulk are *fab!* I'm not hinting, but so are HULK SWEATSHIRTS!

As we explained a week or two back, there's no sex-war as far as SMASH is concerned. If you like us, we like you.

P.S. It's a pity Rollo Stones won't be able to see you in your HULK sweatshirt, Heather, but he's got a date this week with Poseidon, ruler of the underwater world! Say what you like about that lad, but he does keep busy!

Alf and Cos.

SMASH! 64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. 2.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I'm sorry to make a complaint but I don't think you give enough pages to Batman and Rubberman. Why don't you take out some of the funny pages? I'm sure that most readers buy SMASH because of the exciting adventure stories. So give us more of these and cut down the funnies to a couple of pages. The Nervs, Swots and Blots and Bad Penny would be enough

Wayne Tennant,
Exmouth, Devon.

It's the old story, Wayne—it just isn't possible to please everyone. And by the way—just how does one get The Nervs and the Swots and Blots and Bad Penny all on two pages? Have a heart! Jay-jay Jackson's got troubles enough! (Jay-jay's our art editor, for those who didn't know).

Alf and Cos.

* * * *

Dear Alf and Cos,

I was very surprised to find a newsagent who had never heard of SMASH! Of course, I soon put him right. I told him to get some and he did and within an hour they were all gone.

Tony Atkinson (13)
Brentford, Middx

P.S. Mr Trimer was so pleased that I now work for him.

Haven't we always said that Smashers are smarter than the average fan! And here's the living proof! Keep those Smashes going through the hungry letterboxes, Tony, lad!

Alf and Cos.

* * * *

Dear Alf and Cos,

Keep up the good work. I think that SMASH has got something about it that no other comic has. When I first used to buy it my mother used to say, "I don't know why you keep on reading those cheap comics." But now she reads it herself.

Stephen Watson,
Ipswich, Suffolk.

This bears out what we were saying earlier. Now your mother knows why you read our cheap comics. They're better than expensive ones!

Alf and Cos.

YOU BE THE JUDGE!

That's right—put us on trial by filling in the form and sending it with your letter. We want to know what YOU want!

My favourite feature in SMASH! is:

.....

The feature I don't like is:

.....

To: SMASH, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

6 TOP OF THE TREE GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS

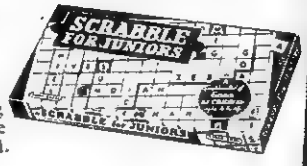
Everyone's game for Spear's—teenagers, middle-agers, old stagers! There are games of chance and skill; intriguing, hilarious, riotous games. Give Spear's Games—from toyshops, stationers, and department stores everywhere! You cannot buy direct from the makers, but they will send you a full-colour leaflet about Spear's Games. Send the coupon today!

BATMAN SWOOPS DOWN A fast, thrilling, action-packed game for all—featuring the year's most fabulous hero, and Robin the Boy Wonder! Robin has been captured by Batman's fiendish enemies . . . only Batman can rescue him . . . but how long will it take? Watch Batman fly through the air! Will he free Robin? For 2 to 4 players of any age. **Price: 12/11d.**

MOUSIE MOUSIE Here are 6 long-tailed mice that even Mum will love catching! A fast game for up to 7 players. It's action-packed, easy-to-play and will keep the whole family in stitches! **Price: 7/0d.**

NODDY CLINGIE TOY Where's Big Ears? Mr. Plod? Noddy? They're all here . . . in pieces! Put them together and you've got a new Noddy adventure—right under your nose! Colourful plastic pieces cling to the board. Wonderful entertainment for children 4 to 10. **Price: 11/0d.**

SCRABBLE FOR JUNIORS ® A simplified version that teaches tots to spell and keeps them happily occupied for hours. Board has two playing sides; one for ages 6-8, the other for 8-10. **Price: 13/3d.**



MISFITS Hats! Heads! Bodies! Legs! All belonging to 12 comical characters! You'll find them in pieces. Your task? Putting them together! The results are hilarious! The player who completes the greatest number of characters is the winner! For children of all ages and the family circle. 2-6 players. **Price: 7/0d.**

COPPIT "Come on Dad, let's have a go!" That's the way it is with Coppit—an exciting game of capturing and releasing prisoners. With plenty of pursuit and attack into the bargain! Children will love it . . . if they can persuade parents to stop playing! 2-6 players. Ages 6 to adult. **Price: 10/0d.**

J. W. Spear & Sons Ltd., Green St., Enfield, Middx.
Please send me your full-colour leaflet about Spear's Games.
Name .....
Address .....
.....
S.M.2

SPEAR'S GAMES

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD
GRIMLY FEENDISH
HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!
I WISH YOU'D LOSE SOME WEIGHT, MISTER FEENDISH! YOU'RE ALWAYS GETTING STUCK DOWN MANHOLES!
GRRR! IT'S NOT MY FAULT THEY MAKE THEM TOO SMALL!
WHACK!
AIEE! YOU IDIOT! OOH! ME POOR TOOTSIE!
G-GULP! SORRY, MISTER FEENDISH!
CRUNCH!
OOER! GRIMLY'S REALLY HOPPING MAD NOW!
OOOOH!
HOP!
NEVER MIND, AT LEAST YOU CAN PLAY GOLF NOW. YOU'VE GOT A CLUB FOOT! HEH! HEH!
HUH! FUNNY GUY!
IDEA!
COO! I'VE JUST HAD A BRAINWAVE!
SPRING!
POST OFFICE
P&O G.P.O
HALLO! WHAT'S THAT CLOT BEEN UP TO NOW? HE WON'T STEAL ANYTHING FROM HERE — NOT WHILE I'M AROUND!
TUT! TUT! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, GRIMLY? GOT A HAMMER TOE? HEH! HEH!
FUME!
£
AAGH!
HOW DID YOU GUESS? HEH! HEH!
£
HEH! HEH! I'M A GENIUS! I'M RICH AT LAST!
HEY! GO AND BUY WHAM, TOO!
OOER! WE KNEW IT WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! LOOK— GRIMLY'S BANDAGE IS LOOSE!
HEH! HEH! NOW BACK TO MY HIDEOUT!
ZOOM!
£
THAT CLOT MAKES THINGS TOO EASY! HE SLIPS UP EVERY TIME! SNIGGER!
GRAB!
AAGH! I'VE BEEN RUMBLED!
HAUL!
HAR! HAR! THIS TIME HE'S TRIPPED UP!
DANGER! ROAD WORKS!
QUICK-DRYING CEMENT
HE CAN STAY THERE! I'VE JUST HAD MY UNIFORM CLEANED— I'M NOT GETTING IT RUINED! SOME FOLKS ARE JUST BORN MUCKY!
BACK HOME...
AW, WELL! IT'S A CHANGE FROM PAVING-STONES!
WHACK!
GRRR! LESS OF THE CRACKS AND MORE OF THE WHACKS!

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS

THE LEGEND TESTERS, ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS, ARE SEARCHING FOR THE CROWN OF ZEUS IN OLYMPUS, MYTHICAL HOME OF THE GREEK GODS. HELPLESS IN A GREAT SEA, THEY ARE SUCKED DEEP BELOW THE SURFACE...

AS THEIR BURSTING LUNGS CRAVE FOR AIR, STRANGE NIGHTMARE CREATURES FROM THE OCEAN DEPTHS FLOAT PAST THEIR EYES...

CAN'T... HOLD... OUT... MUCH... LONGER...!

AND THEN—WHEN ALL HOPE SEEMS LOST FOR EVERMORE—THE UNRELENTING CURRENT DRAGS THEM THROUGH A NARROW OPENING IN THE SHEER ROCK WHICH RISES BEFORE THEM...

...AND THEIR SEA-BRUISED BODIES ARE TOSSED TO REST UPON THE SANDY FLOOR OF A CAVERN SO VAST THAT ITS WALLS ARE LOST FROM SIGHT!

I-I DON'T *UNDERSTAND!* WE'RE STILL IN **WATER**... AND YET I CAN **BREATHE!**

FOOLISH MORTAL! OF *COURSE* YOU CAN BREATHE! IF IT WERE OTHERWISE, HOW COULD *I* SURVIVE HERE IN MY OWN KINGDOM?

THE LEGEND TESTERS GAZE UP AT THE AWESOME FIGURE BEFORE THEM...

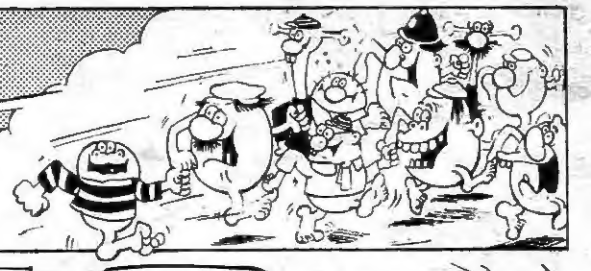
WHO— WHO ARE YOU?

KNOW YE NOT POSEIDON? **GOD** OF THE ***SEA!*** RULER SUPREME OF ALL THE UNDERWATER REALM!

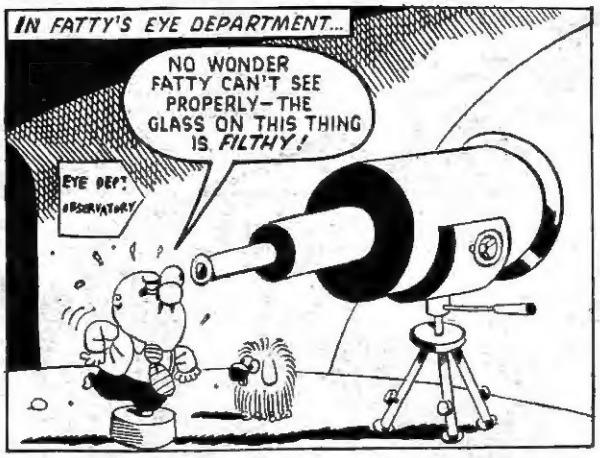
COME— AND I WILL SHOW YOU MY KINGDOM! YOUR EYES SHALL BE *DAZZLED* BY THE WONDERS I SHALL *REVEAL!* YOU SHALL *MARVEL* BEFORE THE MANY *SPLENDOURS* OF MY GLORIOUS REALM!

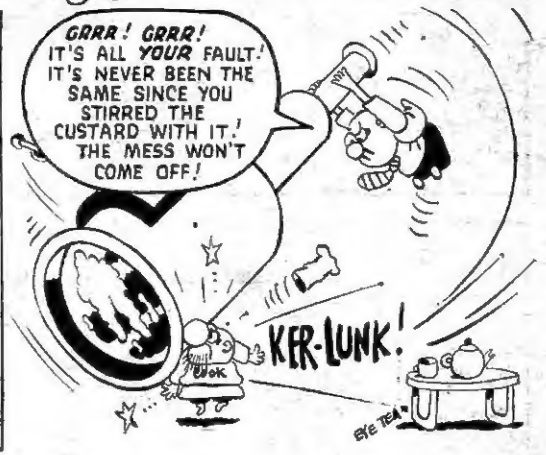
AND UNDER THE PROUD GUIDANCE OF THE SEA-MONARCH, A TOUR OF THE STRANGE, UNDER-SEA WORLD BEGINS...
BEHOLD MY MERMAIDS—EACH BESTOWED WITH A BEAUTY UNMATCHED ANYWHERE ON THAT OTHER—THAT LESSER-WORLD YOU KNOW AS EARTH!
HE SURE LOVES HIS HOME-SWEET-UNDERWATER-HOME!
AND HERE—THE TREASURE HOUSE OF POSEIDON...
...WHEREIN IS STORED ALL THE LOST RICHES AND WEALTH, GARNERED FROM EVERY SUNKEN TREASURE SHIP FROM EVERY CORNER OF EVERY OCEAN BED!
GOLD! SILVER! JEWELS BEYOND COUNT!
STAY, POSEIDON! THERE IS ONE THING ABOVE ALL ELSE WE WISH TO SEE! THE CROWN OF ZEUS! CAN YOU TELL US WHERE WE MAY FIND IT? WHERE WE MAY FIND ZEUS HIMSELF?
WHAT!
A TERRIBLE WRATH TAKES THE SEA-GOD IN ITS GRIP!
YOU DARE TO INSULT POSEIDON BY ASKING THE WAY TO THAT SURFACE LAND OF ZEUS! YOU DARE SHOW PREFERENCE FOR THAT FOUL PLACE OVER MY FAIR KINGDOM?
BUT WE DIDN'T MEAN...
TAKE THEM AWAY!
BUT YOU HAVE BARELY BEGUN TO UNDERSTAND MY WONDROUS WORLD! WE MUST HASTEN! THERE IS SO MUCH TO SEE—SO MANY MARVELS TO BEHOLD—
LET THEM KNOW TO THE FULL THE TERRORS OF THE DEEP!
SCALY HANDS DRAG THE LEGEND TESTERS FROM POSEIDON'S FURY...
THEY'RE LEAVING US! WHAT HAPPENS NOW? WHAT DID POSEIDON MEAN BY 'THE TERRORS OF THE DEEP'?
WE'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT, DANNY! LOOK!
NEXT ISH: THE ONE WHO KNOWS ALL THINGS!

THE NERVS

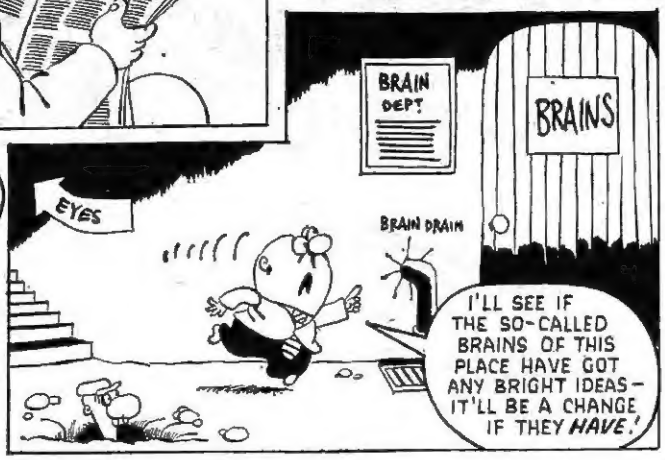


COO! I CAN'T READ THIS VERY WELL – THE TYPE'S ALL BLURRED! I WONDER WHAT'S UP WITH MY EYES?

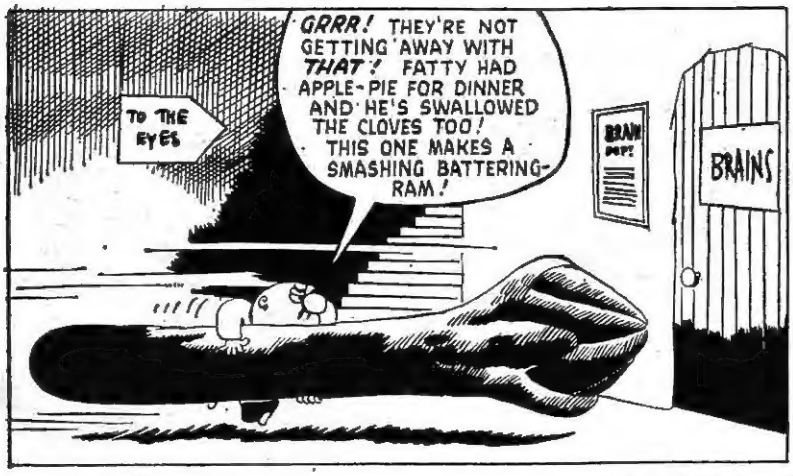

IN FATTY'S EYE DEPARTMENT...
NO WONDER FATTY CAN'T SEE PROPERLY – THE GLASS ON THIS THING IS FILTHY!
EYE DEPT OBSERVATORY

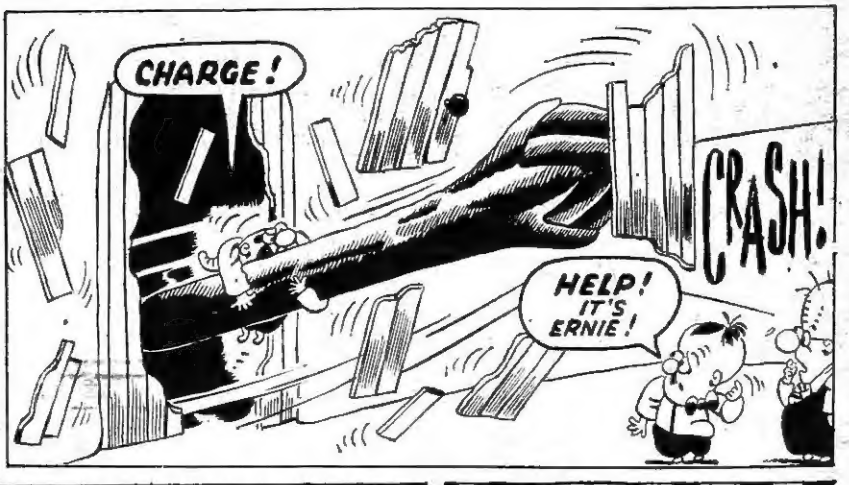

GRRR! GRRR! IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT! IT'S NEVER BEEN THE SAME SINCE YOU STIRRED THE CUSTARD WITH IT! THE MESS WON'T COME OFF!
KER-LUNK!
EYE TEA

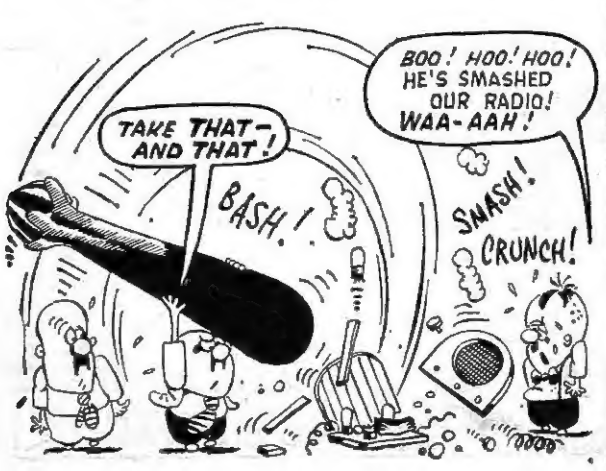
I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING – BUT NOTHING WILL SHIFT IT – IT'S HOPELESS!

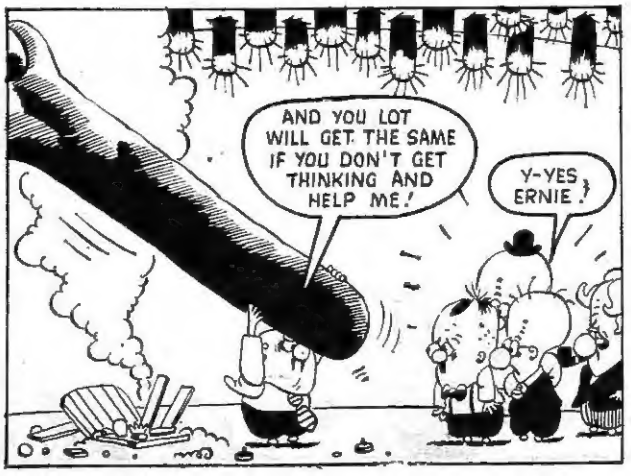

BRAIN DEPT
BRAINS
EYES
BRAIN DRAIN
I'LL SEE IF THE SO-CALLED BRAINS OF THIS PLACE HAVE GOT ANY BRIGHT IDEAS – IT'LL BE A CHANGE IF THEY HAVE!

BUT...
BRAIN DEPT
HOP IT! WE'RE LISTENING TO THE 'BRAIN OF BRITAIN' ON THE WIRELESS!
EARS
ERK!
BRAIN DRAIN

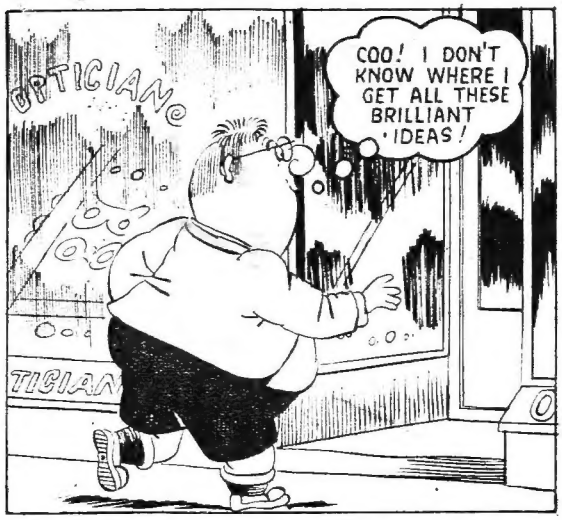

TO THE EYES
GRRR! THEY'RE NOT GETTING AWAY WITH THAT! FATTY HAD APPLE-PIE FOR DINNER AND HE'S SWALLOWED THE CLOVES TOO! THIS ONE MAKES A SMASHING BATTERING-RAM!
BRAIN DEPT
BRAINS


CHARGE!
CRASH!
HELP! IT'S ERNIE!

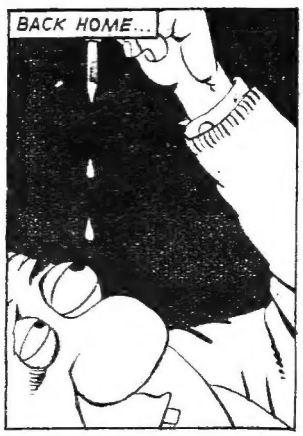

TAKE THAT – AND THAT!
BASH!
BOO! HOO! HOO! HE'S SMASHED OUR RADIO! WAA-AAH!
SMASH!
CRUNCH!

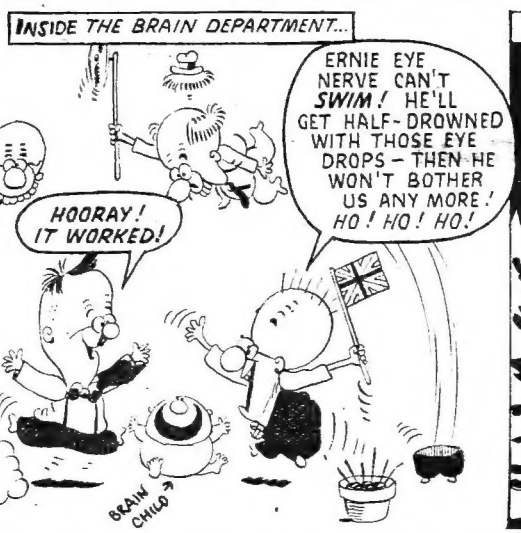

AND YOU LOT WILL GET THE SAME IF YOU DON'T GET THINKING AND HELP ME!
Y-YES, ERNIE!

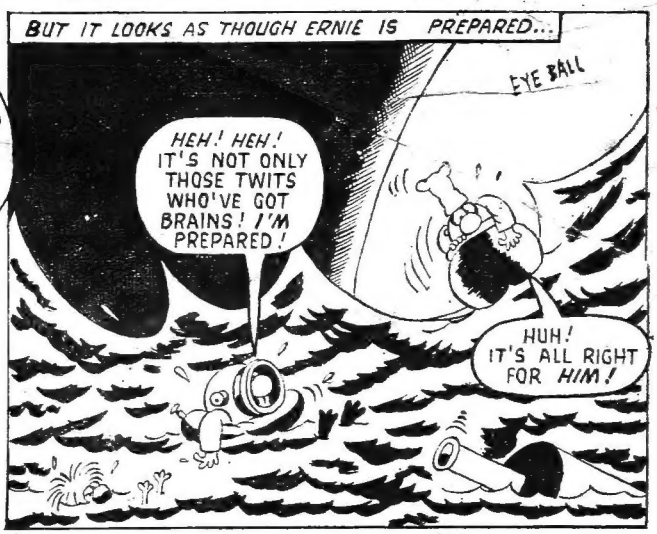
SEND THIS MESSAGE TO FATTY! GO TO AN OPTICIAN AND GET YOUR EYES SEEN TO!
PERSONALLY, I THINK IT'S HIS HEAD THAT NEEDS SEEING TO!


OPTICIAN
COO! I DON'T KNOW WHERE I GET ALL THESE BRILLIANT IDEAS!

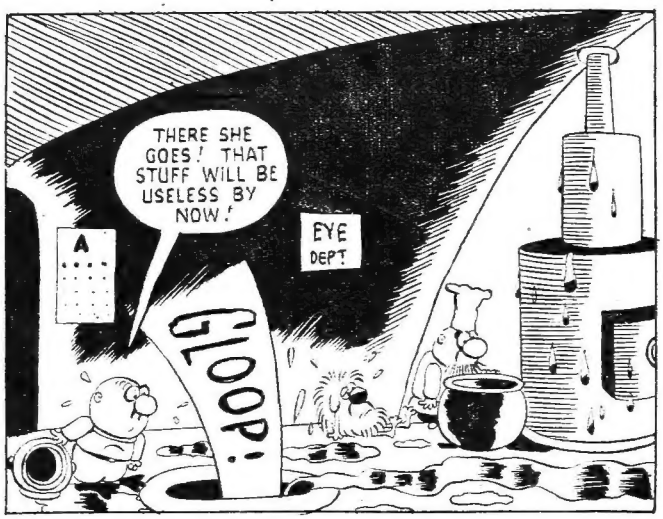
INSIDE THE OPTICIAN'S...
PUT THESE EYE DROPS IN YOUR EYES TWICE A DAY! THAT SHOULD CLEAR IT UP!
COO! THANKS! I'LL DO JUST THAT!

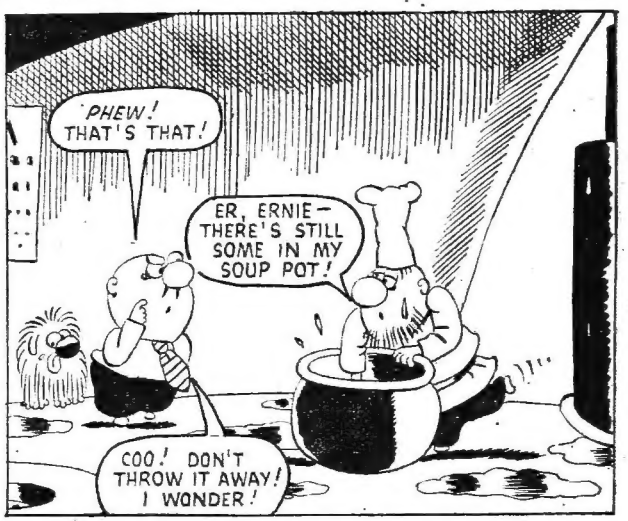

BACK HOME...

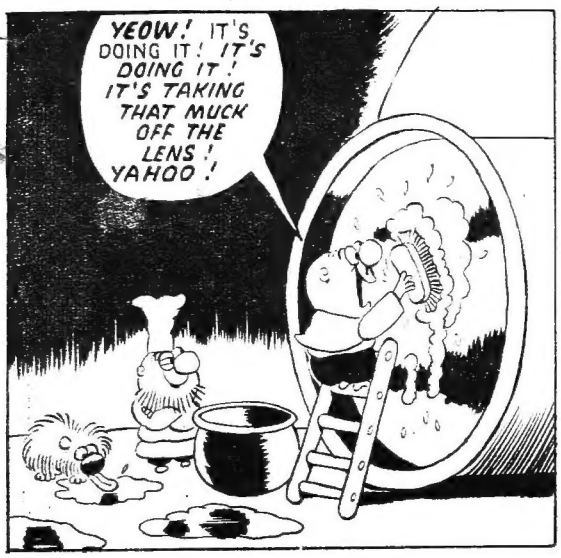

INSIDE THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT...
ERNIE EYE NERVE CAN'T SWIM! HE'LL GET HALF-DROWNED WITH THOSE EYE DROPS – THEN HE WON'T BOTHER US ANY MORE! HO! HO! HO!
HOORAY! IT WORKED!
BRAIN CHILD

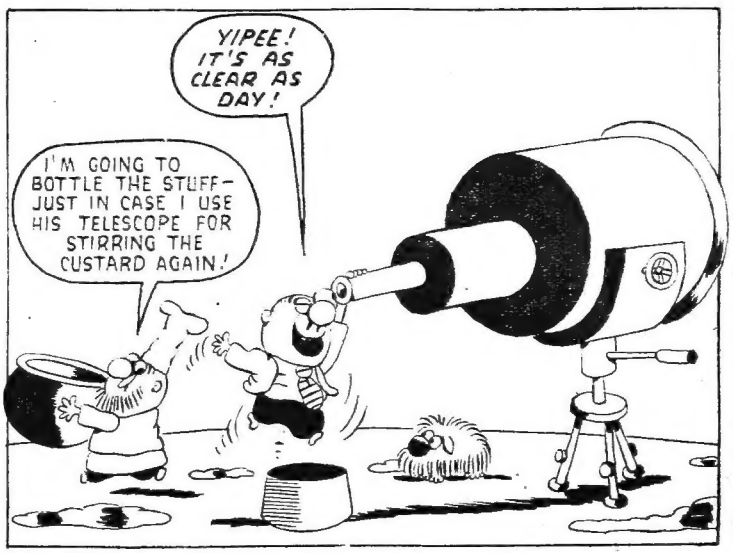

BUT IT LOOKS AS THOUGH ERNIE IS PREPARED...
EYE BALL
HEH! HEH! IT'S NOT ONLY THOSE TWITS WHO'VE GOT BRAINS! I'M PREPARED!
HUH! IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR HIM!

NOW, I'LL JUST PULL THE PLUG OUT AND...


THERE SHE GOES! THAT STUFF WILL BE USELESS BY NOW!
EYE DEPT
GLOOP!


PHEW! THAT'S THAT!
ER, ERNIE – THERE'S STILL SOME IN MY SOUP POT!
COO! DON'T THROW IT AWAY! I WONDER!


YEOW! IT'S DOING IT! IT'S DOING IT! IT'S TAKING THAT MUCK OFF THE LENS! YAHOO!


YIPEE! IT'S AS CLEAR AS DAY!
I'M GOING TO BOTTLE THE STUFF – JUST IN CASE I USE HIS TELESCOPE FOR STIRRING THE CUSTARD AGAIN!

WOW! THAT WAS QUICK! MY VISION ISN'T BLURRED ANY MORE! THOSE DROPS SURE DID THE TRICK!

QUEEN OF THE SLAV

"QUEENIE" IS ICE-BOUND NEAR THE NORTH POLE...

BR-R-R-R-R! YOU BLITHERIN', SNAGGLE-TOOTHED IDIOT! WE'RE STUCK!

CRACK! CRUNCH! CRACKLE!

THIS IS WHAT COMES OF TRYING TO REACH SOUTH AFRICA WITH A PERISHIN' ROAD MAP!

CHATTER CHATTER!

BLUBBER

FOLLOWING A SIX MONTHS' DIET OF BLUBBER, CANDLES AND PENGUIN RISSOLES, THE ARCTIC SPRING COMES...

COR! PRAISE BE! THE ICE IS BREAKIN' UP AT LAST!

WE'RE AFLOAT AGAIN!

AGH! GLUB! WHAT'S HAPPENED? 'ELP! S.O.S.!

BLOOP!

HISS

ONE GALAXY OF GHASTLY GUBBLES LATER...

GASP! GULP! THE ICE PRESSURE HAS SPLIT HER SEAMS! HEY! WHERE ARE YA GOING?

UP FOR AIR, YOU NIT— (UGGLE!)

COR! LUCKY ICE FLOATS! THIS SLAB HAS TAKEN US UP WITH IT!

QUICK! LET'S GET THE HOLES IN QUEENIE CAULKED UP BEFORE THIS ROTTEN SUN MELTS IT!

BUT SUDDENLY...

ERK! THE MELTING'S STARTED!

CRACK!

QUICK!! (GASP!) IT'S DISAPPEARING AT A PINT A PERISHING MINUTE! QUICK— CAULK!

?

AYE-AYE, SIR!

SPLAT!

CAULKIN', IT IS, CAP'N!

AGH! YOU'VE CAULKED ME CAKE 'OLE!

SPLUD!

BOSUN BERT COMPLETES THE CAULKING, MINUTES BEFORE THE ICE FLOE CRACKS UP...

SHIP SEAWORTHY AGAIN, CAP'N! ISSUE SAILING-ORDERS, AND— EH?

SPLOOSH!

CRACKLE!

M-M-M! M-M-M!

CRAZY COOT! HOW CAN I ISSUE SAILING-ORDERS WITH A CAULKED-UP CAKE-HOLE? JUST STEAM OUT OF HERE LIKE FURY! (SIGNED) CAPTAIN DRIP

OO-ER! AYE-AYE, CAP'N! ER— I'LL POINT HER TOWARDS LIVERPOOL!

SIX WEEKS LATER, AFTER "QUEENIE" HAS BY-PASSED LIVERPOOL BY 500 MILES, AND CAPTAIN DRIP HAS DE-CAULKED HIS CAKE-HOLE...

A-HEM! WHILE WE'VE BEEN PROCEEDIN' TOWARDS LIVERPOOL, NUMBER ONE, I'VE BEEN THINKING WHAT THIS SHIP NEEDS, AFTER THAT ARCTIC LARK, IS CENTRAL-HEATING! REMIND ME TO INSTALL IT ON DOCKING!

AYE-AYE, SKIPPER!

THREE MONTHS LATER— AFTER RUNNING OUT OF SEA AT CAPE COD, AND GETTING A TOW OVER THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS BY A LOAD-LESS, LONG-DISTANCE LORRY DRIVER...

QUICK! CAP'N— LISTEN!

WE ALL LIVE IN A YELLER SUBMARINE

SHE LOVES YOU

YEAH-YEAH-YEAH

TWANG!

LIVERPOOL TO PORT BOW! LEFT-LOCK OR YOU'LL PASS IT!

CAPTAIN DRIP LEFT-LOCKS, AND...

YOU FAT, USELESS NIT! THAT AIN'T LIVERPOOL! YOU MUSTTA POINTED US THE WRONG WAY AT THE NORTH, PERISHIN' POLE!

B-BUT I CAN HEAR THOUSANDS O' BEATLES!

HUH! THAT DON'T PROVE A THING! THEY'RE TRANSISTORS, AN' TRANSISTORS IS BLARING OUT "BEATLE" BEATS FROM ALASKA TO TASMANIA!

TH-THEN, WHERE THE 'ECK ARE WE?

?

MEANWHILE, ON THE SHORES OF LAKE MICHIGAN, CHICAGO, U.S.A., "QUEENIE'S" APPROACH IS BEING EAGERLY OBSERVED BY BIG-TIME RACKETEER, 'SCARFACE' EDWARD G. BOGART, AND HIS HENCHMAN, HUMPHREY—'FERRET-FACE' CASNEY...

OKAY, 'FERRET'! GET TO A CALL BOX, AN' TELL ELMER WE GOT A NOO 'CUSTOMER' ON OUR BOOKS.

HEH-HEH! SURE TING, BOSS!

A COUPLE-A-NICKELS LATER, AT ELMER'S JOINT—

HI ELMER! DA BOSS GOT ANOTHER JOB FOR YA!

GRUNT-GRUNT!

DO—DOO BE WITH US NEXT WEEK, 'SMASHERS', AND WE'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO ELMER!